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ONE YEAR OF ROOSEVELT

Editorial Foreword

ROOSEVELT IN one year has shown more action than any president since Lincoln, more imagination than any president since Wilson. For years an intelligent body of American opinion has asked for effective leadership, a leadership courageous enough to command the support of Congress, a working government, not a house divided. This capacity for swift action we have in Roosevelt. The hammering rapidity of his acts often anticipates, rather than follows or waits for, the explanation of his imaginative philosophy of statesmanship. This same intelligent public opinion has also been demanding more imagination in the White House, a mind competent not merely to carry out the purpose of the voters but bold enough to create programs and to educate the ill-advised. This asset of imagination we have also in Roosevelt. A thousand apparently conflicting theories are not too fantastic for Roosevelt to entertain if he sees in their application hope of practical gain in achieving his purpose.

Roosevelt's own economic and political philosophy is not yet fully revealed; in that healthy uncertainty lies the glamour of our national adventure under his leadership. He may be at heart more radical than we suspect; he may be more conservative than we suspect. We are sure that his social planning is designed to go further than mere recovery and to crystallize eventually into a reconstruction of our social-economic order. Rooseveltism is not socialism or communism or fascism. It is something more nearly akin to the Scandinavian co-operative state, in which the consumer, not the producer, controls business. Roosevelt's plan, however, is a product of homespun American common sense. Its aim he has made clear to us: to brighten the lot of the average citizen, to establish the principle that citizenship carries the right to earn one's daily bread, to create for all of us a more abundant life. His philosophy seems to be more concerned with the individual than the mass. Perhaps we shall find that he will lead us into a period of really rugged individualism instead of the misnamed, ruthless individualism which was driving us to destruction.

II

LET US not attempt on this page to appraise the economic gains of this first year of the New Deal. The reopening of the banks and the insuring of deposits, the easement of mortgages, the re-employment of millions make heartening statistics. Most heartening of all, though most provocative of bitter controversy, was the exposure of a nationally accepted sacred contract as falsehood and folly — the pledge to redeem bonds and paper

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money with gold — with more gold than has ever been mined in the whole world since Adam delved and Eve span. One stroke of Rooseveltian realism shattered for all time this intricate cobweb of sophism spun about us by the economists of the ages.

Let us leave to the statisticians to determine how much we owe this year to Roosevelt's financial strategy, how much to his cheering psychology, how much to the pendulum of world recovery. Instead, let us view five of the more definite deeds of the first year of his administration. First, the smashing of the veterans' lobby. Growing out of the Civil War, fattening on the war with Spain, in the years after the World War, the pension racket had become an octopus of billions of tentacles threatening to throttle and emasculate the economic freedom of American life. At the rate we were going one half the tax burden of the peace-loving American people would in a few years have been required to support in princely pauperdom the widows and derelicts of war. It was Roosevelt who laughed fearlessly at political expediency and administered the pension lobby a definite checkmate.

Roosevelt's second completed achievement was the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. The clamor for repeal had been swelling with the years, and valiant champions had appeared in Mrs. Sabin, President Butler, Al Smith, the late President Hibben of Princeton University, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr. It was generally assumed, however, that to effect repeal would require the patience of a generation. But the swift, smashing leadership of Roosevelt brought us repeal almost overnight.

The third definite achievement of Roosevelt's first year in office is the national condemnation of child labor. For generations social reformers have fought against this relic of barbarism. Twice in recent years they succeeded in passing laws through Congress protecting our child population, but both were declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. Great leaders have been arrayed against this principle of reform. On October 1, 1924, not in the South but in the city of Boston, a Cardinal urged all good Catholics to vote against it at the polls. Now the agitation to amend the Constitution to protect children as well as negroes and women is again spreading from state to state. And President Roosevelt by a stroke of the pen has suspended the employment of children throughout the nation during the life of NIRA. Thus is recognized the duty of the family to support the child and, when the family fails, the obligation of the state.

Roosevelt's fourth achievement is our recognition of the USSR. For fifteen years our political differences have defied every attempt to bring our governments into speaking terms. It remained for Roosevelt and his keen trading acumen to find a way through the barrier and to restore the free flow of commerce and culture between a great communist and a great capitalist state.

Roosevelt's fifth significant performance is also in the realm of foreign affairs. His new policy for the Western Hemisphere continentalizes the Monroe Doctrine. Secretary of State Cordell Hull has returned with honor from the conference at Montevideo. "The definite policy of the United States from now on," declared the President to the Woodrow Wilson Foundation, "is one opposed to armed intervention. . . . It is only if and when the failure of orderly processes affects the other nations of the continent that it becomes their concern; and the point to stress is that in such event it becomes the joint concern of a whole continent in which we are neighbors."

III

THERE ARE flies of course in the Roosevelt ointment: new bureaucracy in place of discarded bureaucracy, a return to the spoils system in certain appointments, petty graft in the administration of public and civil works, further breakdown in public education, postponement of the crusade against crime and dilatory justice. Let us see what next year will prove.

Perhaps the biggest event of Roosevelt's first year was the event that did not happen, the Great American Revolution. This much-heralded catastrophe got no further than the temporary closing of the banks and a few black eyes among the farmers. All incipient signs of revolution were dissolved by the catalytic force of Roosevelt's courage. Who wants to go back to March 3, 1933?

Henry Goddard Leach

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WHAT RELIGION MEANS TO ME

BY MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK

(*Mayling Soong Chiang*)

By nature I am not a religious person. At least not in the common acceptance of that term. I am not by nature a mystic. I am practical-minded. Mundane things have meant much to me, perhaps too much. Mundane, not material, things. I care more for a beautiful celadon vase than for costly jewels. I am more disturbed as I traverse the crowded, dirty streets of an interior city than I am by the hazards of flying with poor visibility, which my husband and I experienced the other day. Personal danger means nothing to me. But I am concerned that my schools for the children of the revolutionary heroes shall raise for them, and perhaps for the communities to which they return, the standard of living and the quality of life.

Also, I am more or less skeptical. I used to think Faith, Belief, Immortality were more or less imaginary. I believed in the world seen, not the world unseen. I could not accept things just because they had always been accepted. In other words, a religion good enough for my fathers did not necessarily appeal to me. I do not yet believe in predigested religion in palatable, sugar-coated doses.

I knew my mother lived very close to God. I recognized something great in her. And I believe that my childhood training influenced me greatly even though I was more or less rebellious at the time. It must often have grieved my beloved mother that I found family prayers tiresome and frequently found myself conveniently thirsty at the moment, so that I had to slip out of the room. Like my brothers and sisters, I always had to go to church and I hated the long sermons. But to-day I feel that this church-going habit established something, a kind of stability, for which I am grateful to my parents.

My mother was not a sentimental parent. In many ways she was Spartan. But one of my strongest childhood impressions is of Mother going to a room she kept for the purpose on the third floor to pray. She spent hours in prayer, often beginning before dawn. When we asked her advice about anything, she would say, "I must ask God first." And we could not hurry her. Asking God was not a matter of spending five minutes to ask Him to bless her child and grant the request. It meant waiting upon God until she felt His leading. And I must say that whenever Mother prayed and trusted God for her decision, the undertaking invariably turned out well.

Perhaps this is why I sometimes think that I have grown spiritually because Mother was taken from me. Or to be perfectly honest, I sometimes think perhaps God took Mother from her children in order that we might grow. As long as Mother lived I had a feeling that whatever I did, or failed to do, Mother would pray me through. Though she insisted that she was not our intercessor, that we must pray ourselves, yet I know for a certainty that many of her long hours of prayer were spent interceding for us. Perhaps it is because religion in my mind is associated with such a mother that I have never been able to turn away from it entirely.

Before I leave the subject of prayer, I want to tell you of a lesson I learned from my mother. It was shortly before she left us. She was ill and already confined to her bed. Japan had begun to show her hand in Manchuria. Most of this we kept from Mother. One day I was talking with her about the imminent Japanese menace and I suddenly cried out in irresistible intensity of feeling:

"Mother, you're so powerful in prayer. Why don't you pray that God will annihilate Japan — by an earthquake or something?"

She turned her face away for a time. Then looking gravely at me she said: "When you

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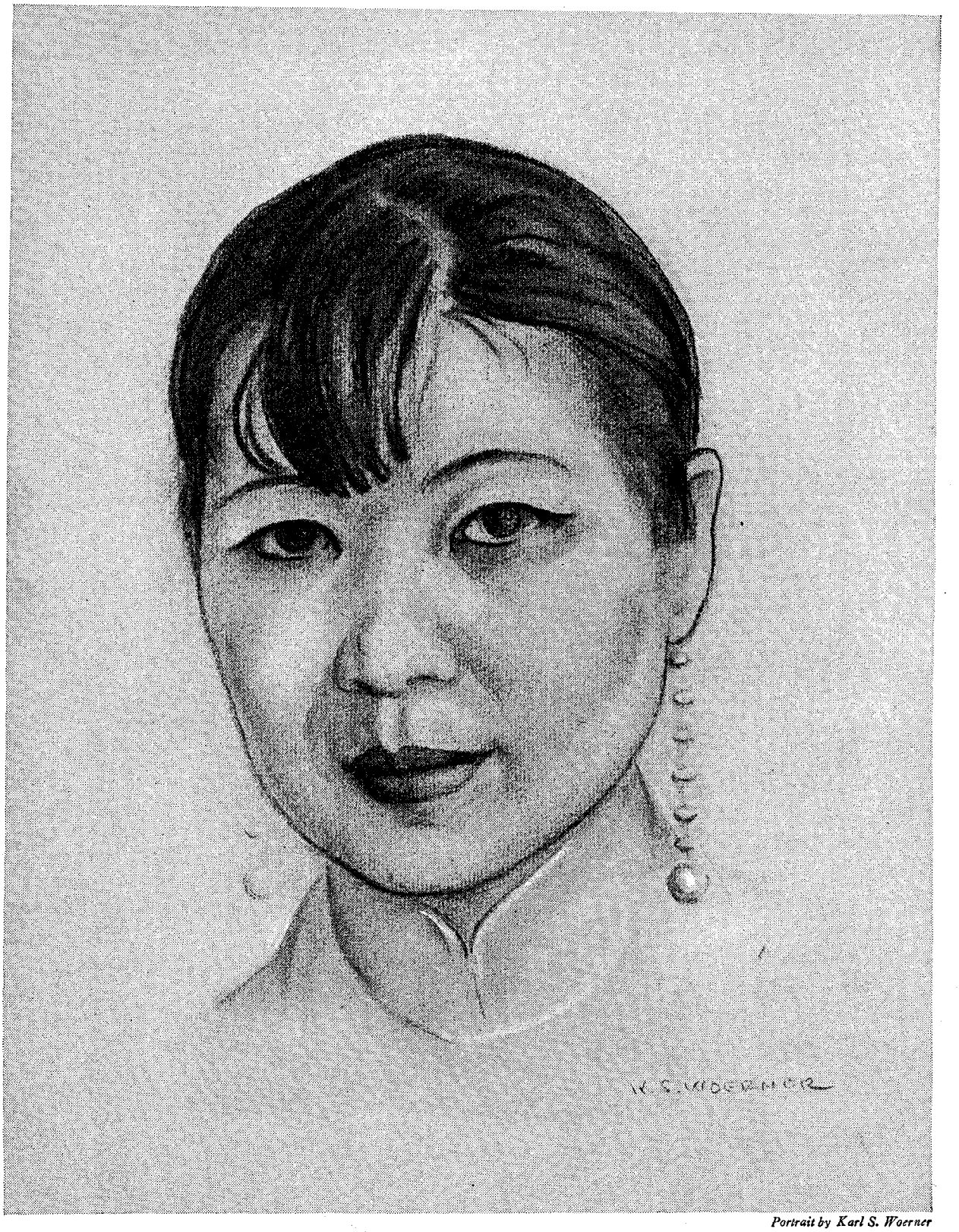

Portrait by Karl S. Woerner

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek is the youngest of the three sisters of T. V. Soong, Finance Minister of the Republic of China. The others are Madame Sun Yat-Sen, widow of the first president of the Republic of China, and Madame H. H. Kung, whose husband, the seventy-fifth lineal descendant of Confucius, is a prominent Chinese diplomat, statesman, and business magnate.

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pray, or expect me to pray, don't insult God's intelligence by asking Him to do something which would be unworthy even of you, a mortal!"

That made a deep impression on me. And to-day I can pray for the Japanese people, knowing that there must be many who, like Kagawa, suffer because of what their country is doing to China.

II

During the last seven years I have suffered much. I have gone through deep waters because of the chaotic conditions in China: the lopping off of our richest provinces, the death of my saintly mother, flood, famine, and the intrigues of those who should have been helping to unify the country. All these things have made me see my own inadequacy. More than that, all human insufficiency. To try to do anything for the country seemed like trying to put out a great conflagration with a cup of water. In contemplating history I began to feel the futility of life. Sometimes I would say to myself (never to my husband): "What if we do achieve a strong, unified country? In the sum total of things what does it amount to? As surely as a country rises to the zenith, so surely does it decline!"

During these years of my married life, I have gone through three phases as related to my religion. First, there was a tremendous enthusiasm and patriotism — a passionate desire to do something for my country. Here was my opportunity. With my husband, I would work ceaselessly to make China strong. I had the best of intentions. But something was lacking. There was no staying power. I was depending on self.

Then came the second phase. These things that I have referred to happened, and I was plunged into dark despair. A terrible depression settled on me — spiritual despair, bleakness, desolation. At the time of my mother's death, the blackness was greatest. A foreign foe was on our soil in the north. A discontented political faction in the south. Famine in the northwest. Floods threatening the millions who dwell in the Yangtze valley. And my beloved mother taken from me. What was left?

And then I realized that spiritually I was failing my husband. My mother's influence on the General had been tremendous. His own mother was a devout Buddhist. It was *my* mother's influence and personal example that led him to become a Christian. Too honest to promise to be one just to win her consent to our marriage, he had promised my mother that he would study Christianity and read the Bible. And I suddenly realized that he was sticking to his promise, even after she was gone, but losing spiritually because there were so many things he did not understand. In common parlance, I have to "hand it to him" for sticking to his daily Old Testament reading when without illumination there was little help in it for him.

I began to see that what I was doing to help, for the sake of country, was only a substitute for what he needed. I was letting him head toward a mirage when I knew of the oasis. Life was all confusion. I had been in the depths of despair. Out of that, and the feeling of human inadequacy, I was driven back to my mother's God. I knew there was a power greater than myself. I knew God was there. But Mother was no longer there to do my interceding for me. It seemed to be up to me to help the General spiritually, and in helping him I grew spiritually myself.

Thus I entered into the third period, where I wanted to do, not my will, but God's. Life is really simple, and yet how confused we make it. In old Chinese art, there is just one outstanding object, perhaps a flower, on a scroll. Everything else in the picture is subordinated to that one beautiful thing. An integrated life is like that. What is that one flower? As I see it now, it is the will of God. But to know His will, and do it, calls for absolute sincerity, absolute honesty with oneself, and it means using one's mind to the best of one's ability. There is no weapon with which to fight sincerity and honesty. Political life is full of falsity and diplomacy and expediency. My firm conviction is that one's greatest weapon is not more deceptive falsity, more subtle diplomacy, greater expediency; but the simple, unassailable weapons of sincerity and truth.

III

Solomon showed his greatness when he asked God, not for wealth or fame or power, but for wisdom — for the sake of country. It is

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nothing just to be good. That can be read backwards — good for nothing. One must have moral conviction, wisdom, and the energy to accomplish. I used to pray that God would do this or that. Now I pray only that God will make His will known to me. God speaks to me in prayer. Prayer is not self-hypnotism. It is more than meditation. The Buddhist priests spend days meditating. In meditation the source of strength is oneself. But when one prays he goes to a source of strength greater than his own. I wait to feel His leading, and His guidance means certainty.

In the feudal time of the Three Kingdoms, there was an old general called Ts'ao Ts'ao. Once upon a time he was going on a long march. His soldiers were weary, thirsty, discouraged. He said to them, "From my horse I can see a beautiful garden, full of luscious plums!" Their mouths watered, new strength and courage came to them. But for how long? The plum garden did not materialize, and the soldiers were more weary than before. That to me is like meditation. There is a buoyancy of spirit for a time. It may help when there is no oasis in sight. But when I am spiritually thirsty, I do not think of plum gardens — I go to the fountain of living water.

There are two things in the Bible that impress me more than others. One is, "Thy will be done," and the other, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength and with all thy *mind*." We have to use our minds as well as our hearts. Hell is paved with good intentions. And I know of nothing more aggravating than a well-meaning person who has no judgment. Prayer is our source of guidance and balance. God is able to enlighten the understanding. I am often bewildered, because my mind is only finite. I question and doubt my own judgments. Then I seek guidance, and when I am sure, I go ahead, leaving the results with Him.

Our finite minds beside His infinite mind seem to me like this: I go walking, and the hills loom above me, range upon range, one against the other. I cannot tell where one begins, and another leaves off. But from the air (I seldom have time to travel any other way now) everything has a distinct contour and form. I can see things so much more clearly. Perhaps that is like my mind and God's. And when I talk with Him, He lifts me up where I can see clearly.

I do not think it is possible to make this understandable to one who has not tried it. To explain to one who has had no experience of getting guidance what it means would be like trying to make a stone-deaf person understand the beauty of a Chopin sonata. A physicist or a specialist in tones and their wave lengths might convey some idea of it to such an one. I do not know. But I'm sure I could not.

What I do want to make clear is that whether we get guidance or not, it's there. It's like tuning in on the radio. There's music in the air, whether we tune in or not. By learning to tune in, one can understand. How is it done? As Brother Lawrence told us long ago, "by practicing the presence of God." By daily communion with Him. One cannot expect to be conscious of God's presence when one has only a bowing acquaintance with Him.

In conclusion, with me religion is a very simple thing. It means to try with all my heart and soul and strength *and mind* to do the will of God. I feel that God has given me a work to do for China. In this province of Kiangsi thousands of *li* of fertile rice fields are now devastated ruins; hundreds of thousands of families have been rendered homeless. This communist-bandit situation in some of the provinces of China has grown increasingly menacing in the last five years. The bandits' openly avowed hatred for law and order forces the government to suppress them. But military occupation of retaken territory will not be enough. Rural rehabilitation must follow, helping the farmers back to their land and to better conditions of life. This is no small task. In fact, China's problems in some ways are greater to-day than ever before. But despondency and despair are not mine to-day. I look to Him who is able to do all things, even more than we ask or think. At this time of writing, I am with my husband in the heart of the bandit area. Constantly exposed to dangers, I am unafraid. I know that nothing can happen either to the General or to me till our work is done. After that, what does it matter?

Next Month: "Statesmanship and Religion," by Henry A. Wallace

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GOLD STANDARD, NEW-STYLE

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP

THE PRESIDENT'S message to Congress on January 15 made it practically certain that the gold standard as we knew it up to a year ago is as dead as Queen Anne. At some time in the near future the gold content of the dollar will be reduced to between fifty and sixty per cent of its old legal rate. It was interesting to see how the definiteness of the message on this point affected almost everyone as a welcome relief. The rising popularity of far more radical schemes, such as the various commodity-dollar theories, not to mention the conventional panaceas of bimetallism and printing-press inflation, has made this self-limited devaluation preliminary to returning to gold seem a good thing to everybody but the die-hard conservative.

The real reason for feeling reassured, however, seems to me to lie rather in the fact that the President's message showed what a wide view the Administration is taking of the monetary situation. Devaluation of the dollar may well have an eventual effect in relieving the American debtor and bringing a hope of order out of the chaos of international finance. But in itself it is a mere anodyne. In no sense can it be a real cure for our economic diseases.

A mere return to the gold standard with a devalued dollar would prove nothing in the long run, except that it is difficult to learn from experience. That is why the real importance of the President's message lay in his making it so clear that the gold standard to which the United States may eventually return will have to be radically modified to fit modern conditions.

This was courageous recognition of facts which have made impossible anything but a frankly superstitious defense of the old gold standard. Economic developments since the war have made the orthodox economist's gold standard as anachronistic as travel by ox cart. The old notions of gold as a freely redeemable base for paper money and a freely flowing medium for all kinds of international payments no longer make sense.

Orthodox theorists used to describe with loving gusto the ingenious way in which a free flow of gold maintained price levels and automatically balanced imports and exports for each nation. There was something in all that before the war, when London was the veteran clearing house of the world, and economics was based on the classical free-trade situation, only occasionally distorted by adventures in protective tariffs. In these times, however, characterized by economic nationalism; by cartels, tariffs, quotas, gold embargoes, all effectually blocking the international flow of gold and goods; by ten billion dollars in liquid capital scurrying from money market to money market and trying to drag the world's stock of gold along; by hoarders nervously attacking national gold reserves from within, orthodox theory has ceased to mean much.

Thanks to all these demands made on it, gold is no longer allowed to perform its legitimate business of backing up currencies and making commercial payments abroad when necessary. You can hardly put it so mildly as to say that gold is being overworked — long ago it dropped in its tracks in hysterics.

II

THAT IS THE background of the President's recent message, the formidable list of reasons why we cannot merely return to the old gold standard after devaluation, as France did nine years ago — the situation which makes it mere blind superstition to advocate returning to the old gold standard without devaluation, as England did to her sorrow shortly after the war.

The two immediate dangers to guard against

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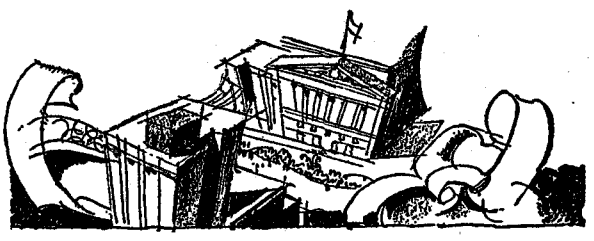
are: (a) the menace of domestic hoarding; and (b) the irresponsible effect of international movements of capital on the foreign-exchange value of the dollar and the domestic gold reserve. So long as hoarding was pointless, and international capital movements insignificant, these dangers could be disregarded, although they were always implicit in the old gold standard. Nowadays, however, these factors mean life and death to national currencies. The whole basis of modern currency and credit lies in the fact that no nation ever has anywhere near enough gold to redeem all its outstanding paper money on demand. So long as the gold standard meant that paper money commanded gold on demand, everybody's paper dollar or pound or franc stood the risk of having gold cut out from under it by whoever got there first in a hoarding rush.

Last year's emergency spurred the Administration into a series of temporary safeguards against these dangers. Domestic hoarding was prohibited; coined gold went out of circulation into the Federal Reserve vaults; shipments of gold abroad, except for settling commercial balances, were stopped short. It was high time. Hoarders alone had already accounted for $600,000,000 in gold, and every ship sailing for Europe was loaded with as much gold as insurance companies would assume risk on. Several of the President's recent proposals only formalized these protective regulations already in effect.

But his proposing to hand over the nation's whole stock of monetary gold to the Treasury as preliminary to devaluation was a crucial step, long anticipated and immensely important. If the Federal Reserve system were to retain most of this mass of, say, $4,000,000,000 in gold, the "paper profits" of devaluation, which would almost double the dollar value of each ounce of metal, would go to the banks. Now, however, it is the federal government which will receive this huge profit. And that, according to the President's message, will



furnish the government with the munitions of war it has been needing so badly in its efforts to protect the foreign-exchange value of the dollar from manipulation by outsiders.

Two billion dollars of this profit will be turned into a "stabilization" fund, used for manipulating foreign exchanges and world gold prices in the interests of the Administration's fundamental price-raising policy. There is plenty of precedent for such procedures, notably the British "equalization fund" of some billion and three quarters dollars, which appeared on the scene as soon as Great Britain left the gold standard. And there will be plenty of use for it.

One of the more striking developments implied in this use of the profits of devaluation will inevitably be the establishment of a "free gold market" in the United States, a market where gold will be bought and sold at prices dictated by supply and demand, just as wheat and cotton are, without reference to the price the government is paying on the redemption of paper money. It is this free gold market which will free the nation's monetary gold reserve from attack by speculators, timid souls, and predatory forces. Immediately the American gold supply will be divided into two disconnected portions: some $4,000,000,000 revalued to between seven and eight billion will be in the Treasury as reserve against the currency; the new gold from American mines, any gold shipped in from abroad — all the rest, in short — should supply speculative demand in the free gold market.

There was such a free gold market in the United States after the Civil War until the government returned to specie payments — which meant that the Treasury was obliged by law to pay 23.22 grains of gold for every paper dollar presented and to pay a paper dollar for every 23.22 grains of gold presented. With the resulting unlimited demand for and unlimited supply of gold at an identical price, the fluctuations which make speculative markets were out of the question.

The trouble with that arrangement was that the national stock of gold had to hold down two jobs at once from then on. It was responsible for backing up the currency at the same time that it had to answer the potential demands of speculators, hoarders, and inter-

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national capital movements. With a free gold market, however, and with this new freedom from redeeming paper money on demand, the Treasury can effectually keep the currency reserve in a healthy state. If it wants to increase the gold reserve in order to expand the currency and so expand credit, it will buy gold in the open market at market rates. Or it may decide to sell some of the gold reserve in the open market as preliminary to contracting credit.

But the point is that it will be doing these things not at the bidding of some European speculator on account of the operations of the British equalization fund or in unwilling response to a wave of domestic hoarding. The gold reserve will expand and contract, in turn expanding or contracting credit, only when the best interests of the nation call for it — a point on which the speculator and the Treasury will seldom agree. Thus the gold back of everybody's dollar will at long last be exempt from those irresponsible bleedings which have characterized the operation of the gold standard since the war.

Nor would any of the ancient and cherished rights of the hoarder and the speculator be seriously impaired. With all the monetary gold stock in the hands of the government, insulated by a free gold market, the hoarder and the speculator could be given permission to play all the little games they liked. But this time their counters would consist of the free gold supply instead of the gold reserve that stands behind the domestic currency.

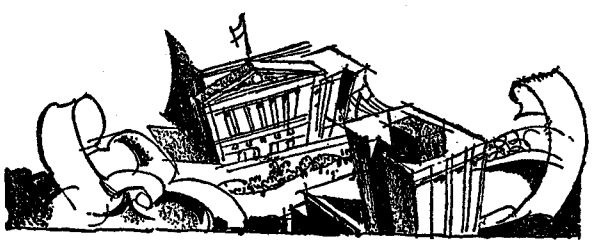
Anybody who preferred gold to paper could buy gold at the market rate and bury it as deep as he chose. Anybody who sold securities in New York and wanted to send the proceeds to London could, if it was a better proposition at the moment than buying sterling exchange, buy gold at the market rate and put it on the next boat. The jeweler could buy free gold instead of nibbling away at the currency reserve as he used to. Until international agreement makes some sort of sense out of the international financial chaos, the Treasury stabilization fund would be taking a large hand in both the gold game and the foreign-exchange game. But all the time its huge mass of inviolate gold reserve would constitute an absolutely indispensable cushion between the hysterical financial fits of the post-war world and the American dollar as a medium for international exchange.

It is hard to deny that, in view of post-war financial conditions, all these steps are justifiable both in fact and theory. Devaluation will recognize that gold has become too valuable in terms of all commodities to reflect accurately or justly the relationship between creditor and debtor. Restrictions on converting currency into gold reflect the necessity for protecting the gold reserve against raids by the nervous and the predatory. Concentrating the nation's monetary gold into government hands and setting up mechanisms for adjusting the international value of the dollar reflect the need for raising prices and protecting our currency against the aggressive tactics of other governments. All these measures may be shocking to the most conservative minds. But they can hardly be as shocking as the bank holiday last year, which is the sort of thing they tend to prevent.

III

I FIND MYSELF wondering, however, if these measures go far enough to make sure that the new modified gold standard will be permanent. As temporary measures, framed for an emergency, they do well enough. But it is pretty certain that we have seen the last of free conversion of paper into gold and free international movements of gold in response to the vagaries of capital. If these restrictions are to be permanent, if the national monetary gold stock is to remain properly insulated, if the international value of the dollar is to be subjected to governmental manipulation as a regular thing, we will probably require something more specialized than the Treasury to do this new job.

In fact, we probably need nothing short of a new arm of the government to take over the powers now planned for the Treasury and add to them, to afford a genuine and permanent control over both the domestic and the international situations. In some ways this new



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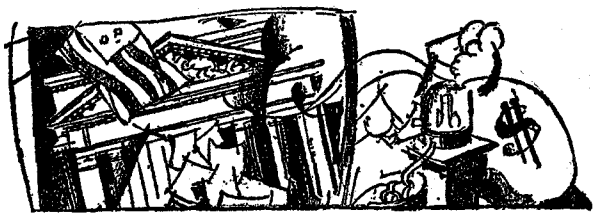
arm would resemble a central bank of issue. But the Administration has already rejected any notion of a central bank. Perhaps it would align the scheme better with modern concepts to call this new institution a Federal Monetary Authority. Besides, it would be prohibited from receiving deposits from anyone, and so would not exercise one of the chief functions of a bank.

This Federal Monetary Authority would consist of a small number of highly considered,



widely experienced men with the courage and the acumen to say, "No," to the government at the right time to-day and, "No," to the bankers at the right time to-morrow. That alone recommends such an institution. By its very nature the federal Treasury will always be influenced by political considerations in manipulating money and credit. By their very nature the Federal Reserve banks, our most responsible banking institutions now, are equally open to short-sighted influences from both finance and politics. That was made plain during the recent boom, when the Federal Reserve displayed far too much hesitancy in exercising its control over the credit situation.

Such an Authority would, for instance, be a solution to the question of currency issue which the administration's new projects have raised. At present the Federal Reserve banks are the chief currency-issuing institutions. At the moment it seems possible that they will so continue, without gold in their vaults, but backing their currency with gold certificates. They put currency into circulation by discounting for the member banks, paying out paper money in exchange for bank acceptances and commercial paper, thus exerting a potential control over the amount of currency in the banks — which, in turn, limits the amount of credit the banks can extend.

With the Treasury controlling the gold reserve, however, and the Federal Reserve banks issuing the currency, the gold reserve and the currency may well find themselves working at cross-purposes, if the Federal Reserve and the Treasury disagree as to what ought to be done in a given situation. In the past the Federal Reserve has been tremendously handicapped, in carrying out the deflation and inflation of credit, by the uncontrollable gyrations of the gold reserve. It was in the position of a dressmaker trying to make clothes for Alice in Wonderland while she was growing shorter and taller.

The obvious answer is that the same institution which controls credit should also control the gold reserve and the foreign value of the dollar. One implies the other, just as a safety match implies the box to strike it on. But the Federal Reserve system's close connections with short-sighted finance make it an ineligible candidate for such broad powers. Nor would most Americans care to see the Treasury endowed with the currency-issuing function as well as the gold reserve. That would leave very little check on an irresponsible administration and put the government into banking for good and all.

The third possibility, which looks far sounder to me, is to combine the functions of gold control and currency issue in the hands of our Federal Monetary Authority, which would be practically exempt from either political or financial pressure.

Among the Authority's monetary functions the ever-present possibility of "doing something for silver" cannot be overlooked. Agitation for bimetallism — the free coinage of silver at the historic rate of sixteen to one — has returned with a good deal of vigor these days. More conservative silver advocates lean toward the newer "symetallism," which means redeeming paper money in a definite weight of gold plus a definite weight of silver. But a still safer proceeding would be to obligate the Monetary Authority to include silver in its metallic reserve in a quantity not to exceed a definite ratio to the quantity of gold it holds. A feature of this silver business which might be considered better in private conversation than in public debate is that, in case of war in the East, a large war chest of silver bullion, the monetary metal of the East, would be an excellent thing to have.

For instance, the Authority could be allowed to buy up to one billion ounces of silver at the market rate, not, however, making any pur-

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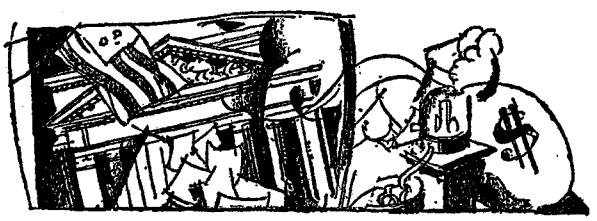
chases at a rate above one dollar an ounce, the value of the silver in the currency reserve never to exceed a quarter of the value of the gold in the reserve. The difference between the market rate and one dollar an ounce — what economists call "seigniorage" — would accrue to the government. The Treasury could be given similar powers, of course, if the Monetary Authority did not exist, but the Treasury could hardly have the wide control over credit and currency which make the Authority a safer means of dabbling in such troubled waters as the silver question.

At any rate, if the modified gold standard is to prove permanent — permanent at least until we can find something better — the new situations it involves do seem to call for a new institution to match — an institution with the privilege of driving the economic car with both hands. Through the stabilization fund, backed by the whole monetary gold supply, such an Authority as I have indicated would keep the dollar in your pocket honest so far as its gold backing and international value were concerned. Through the currency-issuing function it could control the domestic credit situation to match its monetary policies, putting on the brakes when business got a little too gay, stepping on the gas when business was unhealthily lethargic. That would mean that the Authority would take over from the Federal Reserve system dealings in bank acceptances and short-term Treasury notes and would rediscount again for the Federal Reserve banks the commercial paper which they had already



discounted for their members — varying its rate of interest to suit the long-range best interests of the whole country — in other words, assuming the functions which now enable the Federal Reserve to open and close the valves of credit at will.

Only thus, it seems to me, can the national monetary situation be adequately integrated and yet left sufficiently flexible to make intelligent management possible.

IV

The executive heads of the Authority, of course, would have to be as able and independent as its powers would be broad. Neither political nor business influence should carry undue weight with the Authority in determining its policies. That is easy to say and hard to guarantee, particularly in a democracy where popularly elected presidents and congressmen are the only appointing authorities. Still, we have always the example of the Supreme Court as an instance where a democracy, by executive appointment and legislative approval, has maintained an enviably high standard of integrity and ability.

Various safeguards suggest themselves. The members of the Authority should, of course, divest themselves of all private financial connections before taking office, as the Secretary of the Treasury must now. Perhaps the Federal Reserve Board might collaborate with the President in presenting candidates for appointment, to insure sound finance. The members' terms should be relatively long and staggered, so that the personnel should change slowly. I should certainly like to see the Authority prohibited from dealing in long-term government bonds, to keep the Treasury from being tempted to use it as a temporary dumping ground for new issues, as it has used the Federal Reserve system before this.

Those, however, are matters of detail into which I have gone at greater length in a forthcoming book on the general situation. After all, I can think of, say, seven men in American finance to whom I could cheerfully see such tremendous powers entrusted. None of them would be supermen; but they would all be able human beings, capable of handling human affairs in a rational way.

In this Federal Monetary Authority they would have an instrument capable of bringing some domestic order out of the chaos the war left behind. You hear a great deal of talk nowadays about "sound money" and "honest dollars," which most people take as synonyms for the old gold-standard dollar. The fact remains that the old gold-standard dollar was nothing of the sort. Only with the dollar under such protection as I have described can the money in your pocket be either sound or honest.

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A NEW LATIN-AMERICAN POLICY

BY ERNEST GRUENING

THE FAR-REACHING Roosevelt domestic program has kept the Administration's foreign policy in the background. It began with a failure at London. Then came the long-deferred recognition of Russia with its far-reaching effect on all international relations. Less sensational, less dramatic, less incisive, but likewise replete with consequences beneficial, not only to the United States, but also to the peoples of twenty other nations, is the change in our attitude toward Latin America. This change was portended in the President's inaugural declarations concerning the "good neighbor" policy. It was amplified in his subsequent definition of an "aggressor nation" as one which sent forces across frontiers. But it took definite shape through the performance and attitude of Secretary of State Cordell Hull at the Seventh Pan-American Conference at Montevideo.

At this quinquennial gathering of delegations from the twenty-one independent nations of this hemisphere, the overt policy of the United States for the first time in the recent history of these conferences was not to dominate, not to dictate, but on the basis of equality to work for the promotion of the interests mutual to the family of nations which comprises the Western Hemisphere. More specific was the spoken pledge of the Secretary of State that there would be no intervention by the United States in any one of the neighbor countries during the Roosevelt Administration. This policy was confirmed and supplemented by the President himself in his Woodrow Wilson Day address of December 28, in which he declared not only that "the definite policy of the United States from now on is one opposed to armed intervention," but also that in event of a breakdown of law and of the orderly processes of government in some country — which affected other nations on the continent — it would become "the joint concern of a whole continent in which we are all neighbors." In other words, for the first time the United States has announced its willingness to subscribe to multilateral action by mutual agreement and consent, rather than continue the unilateral and arbitrary arrogation of power to itself to act as policeman, judge, and jury, as well as executioner, in the affairs of its weaker neighbors.

II

INTERVENTION has been the bugaboo of the nations of Latin America. The fear of aggression and the distrust and dislike of the United States, in consequence, has varied with the distance from our southern border, and the relative size and strength of each nation. An acute and overshadowing problem only for the nations in and around the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean, the distaste for this policy is shared from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn.

The word "intervention" epitomizes a variety of fears in the Latin-American breast, also connoted by the words "imperialism," "dollar diplomacy," "manifest destiny," "big stick," and the "Monroe Doctrine." For more than a century the Latin Americans have watched the southward march of empire, or, as they express it more lyrically in public utterances, the flight of the "eagle." There was the excision of one half of what had been Mexico, through the annexation of Texas, and the forced cession of what became the states of New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, and Colorado. There was the acquisition, as a result of the war with Spain, of the island of Puerto Rico, as well as a quasi-protectorate over Cuba, with a naval base thereon. There was Theodore Roosevelt's taking of the Panama Canal Zone in 1902 and the special guardianship of the republic conceived and

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born under the patronage of Uncle Sam. There was the acquisition of the Corn Islands on the Atlantic side of Nicaragua and the ninety-nine-year lease of a site for a naval base on the Gulf of Fonseca on the Pacific side. There was the acquisition — by purchase to be sure — of the Virgin Islands from Denmark in 1916. So much for added territory.

But beyond this physical expansion was a variety of interventions, of protectorates or near-protectorates, of military and financial control, of domination over some aspect of the national life in a dozen other republics. There was the appointment of a receiver of customs by Roosevelt in 1905 for the Dominican Republic, a mild form of interference which culminated in 1916 in armed intervention, the abolition for a time of all forms of local self-government, and the establishment of a naval autocracy which lasted until 1924. There was the constant intervention in the republic of Nicaragua which persisted from 1909 until 1932, and during which United States marines were ever present on Nicaraguan soil. There was the intervention in Haiti in 1915 which imposed a treaty by "military pressure" on that republic for the purpose of securing financial control, which continues unto this day. There were varying lesser degrees of intervention in every one of the remaining Central-American republics, ranging from financial control, exercised by Americans collecting customs, to mere "landing parties," designed to protect not only the lives but also the supposedly menaced property of American nationals and — because of the existing interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine — the property of Europeans.

There was, finally, a Mexican policy of variegated character. In 1913, it included the connivance of the United States Ambassador, Henry Lane Wilson, at the overthrow of President Francisco Madero. In 1914, under Woodrow Wilson the policy led to the shelling of Vera Cruz and the killing of scores of non-combatants, because Dictator Victoriano Huerta would not give our flag the precise kind of salute President Wilson had demanded. In 1917, our policy included the penetration of Mexico in the unsuccessful pursuit of the bandit Pancho Villa, who two years before had been President Wilson's choice for the presidency of Mexico. In 1920, our policy under Secretary Charles Evans Hughes was non-recognition until Mexico agreed to sign on the dotted line, in advance of recognition, policies pleasing to such Americans as Messrs. Fall, Doheny, and Sinclair — a policy which reached further heights of ineptitude under the dual guidance of Secretary of State Kellogg and Ambassador James R. Sheffield, and was scrapped only with the arrival on the scene in 1927 of Ambassador Dwight Morrow, who substituted for the existing bullying and pressure a policy of good-will and equal dealing.

III

The grievances of the Latin-American nations came close to the surface at the last two Pan-American conferences, but they were steam-rollered into innocuousness by the domination of the proceedings by the United States. At Santiago in 1923 an unscheduled interruption was that of two unofficial representatives from Haiti and Santo Domingo, who voiced their countries' grievances by distributing pamphlets and expressing their protest briefly — from the galleries. At the Sixth Conference at Havana in 1928, the pent-up forces came near to exploding and blowing up with them the Conference and perhaps the whole organization of Pan-Americanism. But for the iron-handed control of the Dictator Machado, who, needless to say, played the game of American officialdom, and but for the strong-voice tactics of the United States delegation, headed by Charles Evans Hughes, the outburst could not have been averted.

These grievances were not allayed by suppression. They were ready to burst forth at the Seventh Pan-American Conference at Montevideo. It was not impossible that the Monroe Doctrine would be denounced — indeed, both the Argentine and Mexican governments had in the past declared that they did not recognize this doctrine. The Hispanic-American view has increasingly been that whatever may have been the value of the Doctrine in the early days, when conceivably it played a part in preventing conquest by European powers, its usefulness has long since passed, that the protection which it continues to extend is neither requested nor desired by its alleged beneficiaries, and that these have far more to

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Drawing by Jean Charlot

fear from their protector than from the fancied possible aggressors from the Old World. This feeling arose, of course, not so much from the Doctrine as originally written and as proclaimed by President Monroe, but as it was enlarged, interpreted, and applied by various subsequent Presidents and Secretaries of State. Under this enlarged interpretation it seemed to Latin America as if, in the words of Cleveland's Secretary of State, Olney, the fiat of the United States was law in this hemisphere.

There was a likelihood that the Pan-American Union would be denounced at Montevideo. The feeling had been widespread that instead of being an organization of equals, it was an instrumentality of Uncle Sam designed to promote political control and economic penetration. "Your ministry of the colonies" was the way one prominent Latin-American diplomatist of many years' residence in Washington viewed the organization. The basis for this feeling lies largely in the fact that the headquarters of the Union are in Washington, that the Director General has always been an American, that the chairman of the governing board is the Secretary of State of the United States government. The governing board of the Union consists of the Secretary of State and the accredited ambassadors and ministers of the Latin-American countries in Washington. In 1923, when the government of President Obregon was not recognized by that of President Harding, Mexico had no ambassador in Washington, and consequently no representative on the governing board of the Pan-American Union. In consequence, Mexico stayed away from the Fifth Pan-American Conference at Santiago, Chile, because technically she had no representation there. The cry for reform of the Pan-American Union resounded at Santiago. The United States delegation opposed reform, but yielded to the extent of permitting the constitution of the Union to be amended to enable a government not represented at Washington to name another representative on the governing board.

The various grievances against the United States were embodied in the general attitude of Argentina, a nation which has been wholly free from any domination, interference, or the suggestion of them on the part of the United States. Nevertheless, opposition to the United States has been an important factor in shaping Argentina's foreign policy. She refused to adhere to the Kellogg-Briand Pact because the Senate Foreign Relations Committee accompanied its ratification with a statement reversing the Monroe Doctrine as a field of self-defense. Argentina likewise refused to sign the three existing continental arbitration treaties, largely because of their origin in the Pan-American organization. The first of these, originated by the Paraguayan Gondra, presented to the Fifth Conference at Santiago in 1923, had been ratified by nineteen states — by all but Argentina and Bolivia. The other treaties which Argentina had declined to sign were the Inter-American Conciliation Treaty of 1929, and the Inter-American Arbitration Treaty of the same year. At Havana, the Argentine delegate, Pueyrredon, resigned in protest against the United States in insisting on its right of what Mr. Hughes called "interposition."

One of the first manifestations of Argentina's attitude toward Pan-Americanism at the Montevideo conference was a motion that a Spanish observer be invited to attend. Now *there* was more than meets the eye. For years Hispanic-Americans, fearful of the United States and distrustful of its policies, have countered Pan-Americanism with gestures

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friendly to Pan-Hispanism. Spain has encouraged this movement. It had the ready and sympathetic support of virtually all the Spanish-speaking states of Latin America. The motion appeared certain of adoption. It was manifestly an entering wedge thrust at the heart of Pan-American principle. The observer of to-day becomes the delegate of to-morrow, entitled to a voice and a vote. It was, moreover, a thrust at those outside the Hispanic family of nations — a thrust at the United States. That was the atmosphere in which the Seventh Pan-American Conference convened at Montevideo on December 4 last.

IV

When the Conference adjourned three and a half weeks later, the attitude of the Hispanic-American states toward the United States had been profoundly altered. Friendliness and good-will had replaced suspicion, distrust, and antagonism. The position of Argentina had been reversed. Argentina's adherence to all the existing treaties — including the Kellogg-Briand Pact — had been announced. The matter of the Spanish observer had been laid on the table. A basis for the negotiation of mutually advantageous trade treaties had been established — conferences in the near future to take up economic problems in detail were agreed upon. Pan-Americanism for the first time had taken on reality — the reality of sympathy and support by the entire membership.

This was the outstanding achievement of the Seventh Pan-American Conference. This was the achievement of Secretary Hull and his American delegation at Montevideo. Some commentators who sought to measure the results of the Conference in obviously tangible treaties, announcements of program, and adoption of specific policies, and failing to note many of these, concluded that the results of the Conference were unimportant and insignificant and did not sense that the larger result was not only supremely important but also that it wrote the first really significant accomplishment in the hitherto innocuous history of over forty years of Pan-American Conferences.

The question naturally arises, how such a result, assuming it to be of great moment, was achieved. The answer may be found partly in principle and partly in personality. The Roosevelt Administration has swung the helm of our Latin-American policy. The ship of statesmanship has veered in a new direction. But it would as yet be both premature and inaccurate to assert that the Roosevelt Administration has completely *reversed* the previous policy of imperialism as it has been consistently practiced by all administrations since McKinley's. It would be even more premature and inaccurate to say that the United States has permanently *altered* its policy. We shall have to wait some years and observe the *acts* of our makers of national policy before a definitive answer can be given. But there was sufficient change of policy to make it possible for Secretary Hull with the artless diplomacy of sincerity and genuine sympathy to capture the Montevideo Conference. His kindliness, his lack of "front," the genuineness of his own belief in a "new deal" for Latin America, and in the policy of fair and equal dealing with all nations regardless of size, impressed itself on the assembled delegates and effected a form of conquest hitherto unknown.

Yet the tangible changes in the Administration's policy at the time the Conference convened were slight. They consisted of the aforementioned allusions of the President in his inaugural and May 16 addresses. There was the abstention from landing troops in Cuba, when conditions there might well, according to precedents, have furnished a justification for so doing. In this connection there were several pertinent details, such as the refusal to let Secretary of the Navy Claude Swanson land at Havana, after the navy had secured a maximum of publicity for its ship movements in connection with the unsettled conditions in Cuba following the fall of Machado. That Secretary Swanson was, in fact, treated like a gob denied shore-leave, for fear his landing or his actions on shore would be misunderstood, is an immortal bit of whimsy for which the President is entitled to great credit.

There was, further, the repeated announcement of the Secretary of State in the Cuban situation that the United States would not land forces to protect property. While, to be sure, intervention of the most tangible sort was being practiced by the United States Ambassador in Cuba, still the abstention from

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the direct use of force marked a slight change of direction. Coupled with this was the Roosevelt gesture of consulting with the Latin-American diplomats in the capital — an indication of a tendency to depart possibly in the future from the unilateral action by the United States in matters in which all Latin America has at least a moral stake. But all this was offset by the failure to recognize Grau San Martin's government and to the tolerance in Washington of a policy which seemed likely to plunge Cuba into anarchy and chaos. Further than that the Roosevelt Administration had apparently reaffirmed the policy of its predecessor in insisting that it must continue to retain financial control of Haiti until the loan forced on Haiti under previous United States administrations had been repaid.

There was, in short, not a great deal on the eve of the Montevideo Conference to demonstrate to the assembling Latin Americans that a "new deal" for them had likewise arrived. Secretary Hull, however, made the most of what he had. He pledged that there would be no intervention during the Roosevelt Administration, and that the commitments of past administrations would be liquidated as rapidly as possible. This, from the point of view of Latin Americans, was decidedly a step in advance. The allusion to previous commitments was properly interpreted to refer chiefly to Cuba and Haiti.

Concerning Cuba, the Secretary of State in another address made specific though guarded reference to President Roosevelt's recent publicly expressed "disposition to open negotiations with the Cuban government for the purpose of dealing with the treaty which has existed since 1903." No flat pledge here to liquidate the Platt Amendment! And while the failure of the United States to make a definite declaration abjuring intervention under all circumstances was noted and regretted, the general reaction to Secretary Hull's words and attitude was favorable. Because Mr. Hull sincerely believed in everything that he had promised, without mental reservations or equivocations, because his own inclinations would have led him to go further through the application of the Golden Rule than a prudent regard for a possibly rambunctious Senate, or an unprepared public opinion, or a chief who might (as at London) repudiate a too-explicit commitment, permitted him to go, and because his sincerity and kindliness irradiated his every utterance and gesture — the Latin Americans paid him a greater tribute than has ever been paid to an American statesman, the tribute of faith, hope, and belief.

It now remains for him — and the Administration — to validate the purport of his utterances and attitude and to maintain and strengthen — by acts — the faith engendered at Montevideo. And there is work to be done in that direction. The Cuban policy, *thus far*, under Roosevelt has been a negation of those declarations. We have intervened, non-militarily, to secure the president that an American ambassador wanted, a president who is approved by the bankers, the sugar barons, and the power trust — the very forces with which, paradoxically, the Administration has to contend at home. Our Haitian policy, with the preposterous and untrue official position that "we have an unescapable obligation to the bondholders" to maintain our financial control there, is another black spot that needs to be erased at once. There are several lesser spots of friction that should and could be removed, in Salvador, in the Dominican Republic, in Panama, where social and other conditions in the Canal Zone cry aloud for reform. Puerto Rico, our Latin-American colony, needs a "new deal," which, since the island's problems are economic and social, may or may not follow the appointment of a military man as Governor, to replace the inept Gore.

But a splendid beginning has been made, and the country appears to be moving in a new direction — a right direction. Perhaps the most significant of all these steps is the President's Wilson Day declaration, previously alluded to, which in effect continentalizes the Monroe Doctrine. This epoch-making departure from a national policy over a century old has not been fully appreciated either at home or abroad. Why the President did not make this startling declaration a few days earlier, when the Pan-American Conference was in session, or why he did not give out his pronouncement to his Secretary of State for use at Montevideo, is a puzzle. In any event, however, a new statesmanlike Latin-American policy has been initiated.

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MARXISM AND LITERATURE

BY MARY M. COLUM

HAVING READ a number of novels commonly described by certain Marxist critics as illustrating their literary principles and the subjects they consider suitable for a writer to deal with at this day and hour, I have come to the conclusion that there is less difference between the Marxist critics and the purely literary critics than might be supposed. For the Marxists are obviously not talking about literature at all, but about trade-writing, and as trade-writing has to serve some interest, it does not make a pin's difference to literature what ism or ist has the control of it.

Writing happens to be both a trade and an art: as a trade it is an industry like the coat-and-suit business or the building business and it is even engaged in by a number of people to whom all art, including the art of literature, is an unrevealed mystery, if not something to be ignored or despised. As a trade, writing has a number of uses, the chief of which is to convey instruction, information, opinion, and sometimes amusement. There is no reason why it should not concern itself with the list of things that the Marxists consider suitable for "literature" — labor organizations, strikes, cotton mills, beet fields, labor racketeers, coal miners, the murder of Ella May. Nor is there any reason why it shouldn't be about Henry Ford, luxury-hotels, or genteel bourgeoisie; cold creams, golf, or old furniture: there is no reason why trade-writing should not be a special plea for or a denunciation of any of these things. To the trade of writing belongs the vast proportion of everyday writers — the journalists, the story-writers, the contributors to magazines.

But even trade-writing can become art when it is produced by one who has a deep sympathy with life — that is, by one with intellect, emotion, imagination, and vitality to a high degree: this is really the definition of what an artist is — an individual with these four qualities in excess. But it must be recognized that into the vast bulk of trade-writing there goes no more artistic feeling than goes into the making of a pair of trousers, though there may go a great deal more intelligence.

There is no reason why writing of this type should not become a cog in the socialized mechanism, there is no reason why it should not be what Lenin called part of the general proletarian movement. The terms I am using are taken from Lenin's ukases about literature. "Literature," he declared, "must become part of the general proletarian movement, a cog in that vast, unified, socialized mechanism which is set in motion by the conscious advance guard of the entire working class. Literature must become a component part of the organized, planned, unified, socialist party work. . . . Down with the supermen-literateurs. The leadership of literature belongs to the working class as a

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whole." A great statesman, a great revolutionary, a great leader need not know what literature is — such men very seldom have known, though they have generally paid to it the respect that men of genius in one section of human endeavor pay to men of genius in other sections, even when they don't quite know what the other forms of endeavor are about. A man can be an outstanding leader in politics, science, or military affairs and know as little about art as a babe in arms. Such leaders have indeed sometimes made themselves very comic when they got involved in matters of art, and a remark of Napoleon's has provided laughter for a century:

"French poetry is not as good as it used to be, Sire," some minister informed him. "I must get my Minister of Public Instruction to look into that," said the Emperor.

But statesmen in Russia can say the same sort of thing, and their remarks are repeated by the intelligentsia of America with awed admiration. Critics who in their less communistic moments know about literature hold up as gems of æsthetic divination remarks by commissars which they would have found side-splitting had they been given out as the discoveries of a Mayor of New York or of Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Here are a few which I take from an article in *The New Republic* entitled, "Art, the Proletariat, and Marx." "The cultural problem," said M. Bukharin, "is different from the military problem. It cannot be decided by blows or mechanical means." And the same gentleman recommended that "the important questions of style and form be solved on the basis of merit rather than political pressure." M. Lunacharsky, a Commissar of Education, corresponding, we suppose, to Napoleon's Minister of Public Instruction, was even more profound, for he stated that "all art is useful if it shows talent." These are no casual remarks at all, but solemn pronouncements made at a conference called by the Communist Party. To show in what a really serious way art was to be taken up the conference adopted a resolution pledging itself as opposed to "a frivolous and contemptuous attitude towards specialists in style." The Party, I am sorry to say, did not enlighten us as to what specialists in style were, but it magnanimously resolved that it could not pronounce on questions of form and style in the arts.

Commandeering the Cultural Front

It is the craze of modern dictators for producing what they call a totalitarian program which is responsible for the incredible nonsense which they, their spokesmen, and followers pronounce about art and literature, and not only art and literature, but that other spiritual pursuit of man, religion. Another dictator, Hitler, informs us that in Germany literature must be racist. Mussolini, whether because he is one of an old and experienced people which has contributed greatly to politics, as well as to art and literature, or whether because he has an æsthetic conscience, is more enlightened than the leaders of the more newly arrived states and is never guilty of the nonsense handed out by the Communists and the Nazis. He does not interfere with art or literature or religion but contents himself with seeing that the things that are Cæsar's are rendered to Cæsar. For the rest, he recognizes that there are many things that Cæsar can have no claim to.

"Lenin," said one of the Marxist critics, with the air of one making a revelation, "was as great a man as Tolstoy." Surely he was, but the goals they were working toward were totally different and were along paths which never met. The fact that Lenin was superbly equipped for getting to the goal he set out for did not give him any ability for pronouncing about the goal that literature was going toward or about the methods that other men, equally equipped, used for attaining theirs. To quote Marx's master, Hegel, science, literature, art, and religion pursue aims not superior to, but other than, those of the state. It is simple-minded or even ignorant to bend them toward the same aims.

Now what did Lenin and the Communist Party in conference think literature was? Obviously a front to be taken from an enemy. According to Communist leaders there were three fronts to be mastered — the political, the economic, and the cultural — and art and literature were regarded as part of the cultural front. In *The A.B.C. of Communism*, of which the above-mentioned M. Bukharin was one of the authors, it was laid down that art, with

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science, was created in the first instance by the exploitation of the toiling masses. Now, if there is one thing on earth which has not been created by the masses, toiling or otherwise, it is art. Art is not only not the creation of the masses, but it is very frequently neither the creation of toil nor the creation of culture. Some very great art has come out of idleness, and some has come from barbaric and elemental men. An artist is often not a cultured person, but an elemental force — a creature of barbaric power and barbaric emotions who may spring from any sort of environment, from any social class that has leisure to cultivate and contemplate its spiritual forces. A work of art may be totally incomprehensible to the Lenins and Rockefellers and entirely comprehensible to an itinerant umbrella-mender or a fiddler or a flute-player; it can be created by a tramp like Villon or Gorki, by an invert and jailbird like Verlaine, by a half-crazy man like William Blake, by semi-barbaric nobles like Michael Angelo or Lord Byron or Tolstoy, or by solid members of the bourgeoisie like Robert Browning.

Art, far from being the property of any mass or class is, and always has been, the property of those who create it and of those who understand it, and they, no matter how disagreeable the statement may sound to ardent believers in democratic or communistic dogmas, are a minority in every state and in every class. Art is no more the property of everybody than beauty or intellect, and no amount of legislation or declarations from dictators can make it so. It is the survival of the romantic Utopianism of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries that makes us inclined to believe any such doctrine. We have to recognize the fact that possession of beauty or intellect or happiness or artistic power is not equally the property of everybody. Even external gifts of nature like the sun and the sea, on which life and health depend, are not equally the property of everybody.

What Is Art?

It is an equally Utopian notion that if the proletariat is thoroughly instructed and has acquired what Trotsky called "the mastery of culture" it will create and understand art; but, as Clive Bell pointed out years ago, a man may have an intellect as keen as a drill with the best education in the world — he may even have an interest in art, literature, and æsthetics — and yet not know a work of art from a handsaw. The late Irving Babbitt was, as far as literature and book learning are concerned, probably the most highly instructed man in America. However, the nearest his mind came to an understanding of literature was in his appreciation of spiritual truths and intellectual integrity; of spiritual truth as expressed in literature, as apart from ethical doctrine, he was highly suspicious and frequently contemptuous, even when it was the product of the highest type of mind that humanity has attained to. Some of the statements of Professor Babbitt and his followers about literature are, in their own way, as funny as anything that has come from Lunacharsky, Bukharin, or Lenin.

Then, it may be asked, if they were as much mysteries to a learned man like Professor Babbitt as they were to a man of action like Lenin, what is art, what is literature? Many agonizing efforts have been made to answer this question, yet not the results of all the efforts combined can make a reasonable answer, for art not being entirely, or even largely, the creation of intellectual processes, it cannot be explained by intellectual processes or by any sort of reasoning. Nearly all the philosophers devoted their minds to evolving an explanation or definition of art, yet the most the majority of them were able to tell us was that it had to do with the production of beauty, and in the main they left the impression that beauty itself was an algebraic symbol of uncertain meaning. "Art is beauty," said one school. "Art is expression," said a second. "Art is that which makes us feel more alive, more intense," said another. The philosophers who had the temperaments of artists were the ones who were most sensible in their explanations, and the philosophic definition of art that is most complete is that of Hegel, who stated that it was the presentation of truth or spiritual reality in sensuous form. But as this definition is too abstract I feel the necessity for attempting another. Art, by which here I mean chiefly the art of literature, is a revelation of life experienced on a plane of intensity beyond that which can be experienced by the ordinary person or at ordinary moments.

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If a staid married man who has never gone in for any raptures or roses or seen anything more in his partner than an affectionate companion goes to the opera of *Tristan and Isolde*, and if he has the faintest faculty of being moved by the art of music, a glow will be thrown over the little bit of experience he has had: he will get an excited comprehension, perhaps one per cent, of something foreign to him of which some other, some superman, has had fifty or ninety or a hundred per cent — that is, something which is but a dream to him has been both dream and reality for some more highly endowed human being. If instead of going to the opera he should stay at home and read, say, this poem of Edgar Allan Poe's,

> Thou wast that all to me, love,
> For which my soul did pine —
> A green isle in the sea, love,
> A fountain and a shrine,
> All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
> And all the flowers were mine.
>
> . . . .
>
> And all my days are trances,
> And all my nightly dreams
> Are where thy grey eye glances,
> And where thy footstep gleams —
> In what ethereal dances,
> By what eternal streams.

and if the art he has the faculty of being moved by is literature, this will have a like effect. What has happened is that his field of consciousness has been enlarged, and a glow has been given to his life. "Is this all art is?" you may ask. It is practically all, but it involves one of the great powers which make man other than the beasts of the field.

All theories of æsthetics, all theories by which art is weighed, measured, passed upon seem to me to recede into unimportance beside that immeasurable power which is art's and perhaps art's alone — the power of deepening life and consciousness. What is it that gives the thrill, the shudder before a new poem, a new picture, a new piece of music? It is the sudden conveyance of a fresh discovery in consciousness — the sudden realization that a new piece of territory, a new growth has sprung out of that as yet only partly explored region, the æsthetic conscience of the human race.

The Marxist Trade-Writers

In every salient word of the declarations of Lenin quoted earlier in this article — "cog," "mechanism," "unified," "organized," "supermen-literateurs" — there is revealed a total ignorance of what literature is about. Literature is not a dream, to be sure, but it is more like a dream than it is like a cog or a political program. And the whole difficulty about the sociological and proletarian writers is that they do not allow for the deep state of consciousness out of which literature comes and they think only of the external facts and happenings. External facts, external experiences fertilize the internal life out of which literature comes, but of themselves they do not make literature.

This is more and more borne in on me as I read certain of the books that have been acclaimed by the Marxists: Michael Gold's *Jews Without Money*, Jack Conroy's *The Disinherited*, Hans Fallada's *Little Man, What Now?* Rudolph Brunngraber's *Karl and the Twentieth Century*. These are all the works of excellent trade-writers, and they affect us very much as a good newspaper story of some actual happening might affect us — they are records of actualities. Two of them, *Little Man, What Now?* and *Jews Without Money*, the first because of its humanity and the second because of a sort of sensitivity, have some distant relation to literature. But on the whole, as far as literature is concerned, it makes no more difference which class or type has the leadership in this sort of writing than it does which class has the leadership in the coat-and-suit industry. It might make, I grant you, a difference in the political and industrial policy of a country whether the leadership in the trade of writing belongs, say, to Cornelius Vanderbilt or Michael Gold or Jack Conroy. But to the art of literature it would make no difference at all. Trade-writing should be respected for what it is and what it can be — an influential industry which demands intelligence and a talent for expression in words, exerting an influence which can never be more than passing — but these are no reasons for confusing it with literature.

The material of a book is more or less like a frame, but if the author has only half-visualized, half-understood photographic types and scenes to put into it, what the frame is made of and how it is shaped will not affect us in any lasting way; for art is not matter, not the material, it cannot be too often said, but the

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imprint of mind on material. If the writer has nothing significant to imprint on the material the result cannot be art, cannot be literature. If he has something significant to imprint we generally forget or ignore the frame altogether. That which makes *King Lear* art could be transferred to any other condition in life, to Michael Gold's East Side Jews or Jack Conroy's miners, and the effect would be equally powerful. But the imprint of what is great and significant is lacking in these books, in all of them, and the fact that they deal with what is contemporary and disturbing, and indeed of very great social importance, does not help the books one degree toward literature.

Taken as social propaganda, Jack Conroy's is the most effective of them all: the matter is presented intelligently, unsentimentally, and forcibly; no one who reads it could fail to take the side of his miners or fail to be angered by the social injustice that permits such crushing of human life. As another kind of propaganda showing the powerlessness of the individual as against the monstrousness of the social structure men have created, *Karl and the Twentieth Century* is a remarkable piece of journalism — a history of recent times as they affect the forgotten man — but neither book is written at that depth of emotion and imagination which puts the writers amongst the literary creators. Then *Jews Without Money*, in spite of its sensitivity, fails to be good propaganda or good art because the sensitivity is of that egoistic sort which is turned in on itself, rather than of the robust kind which responds to people and things, and is fertilized by them. We get really exasperated that the author is so superficially affected by his material — by Reb Samuel, the Chassidic Jew with his umbrella-shop; by the cheap imported Rabbi; by the Chassidim dancing a sacred rondo; and by a life so immensely rich in comparison with the meagerness of Main Street, which is all the material so many writers have to arouse them. The trouble is that the author, instead of feeling directly for the people he writes about, feels for them chiefly as sentimental furnishings of a background for autobiographical narrative, and they never really come to life or show us that they have lives of their own.

What makes the difference between all these writers and Maxim Gorki, who used the same frame, the same sort of material; who writes also of the disinherited, the tramps, and the outcasts — men who work to death to earn a crust of bread? In Gorki's case the external experiences fertilized his internal life; he was able to pass his material through that crucible which is the mind of the artist and press out of its sordidness, its misery, its humiliations that lasting emotion, that essence which is what Hegel called spiritual truth. If any one, after reading these other books, will turn to one book of Gorki's, to even one short story, say that story called *Twenty-six and One*, of the bakers working in the suffocating heat of the cellar and the shattering of their poor dream, he will discover at once the difference between tracts or pamphlets and a piece of literature. He will also know the difference between being made to feel a mere intellectual and humanitarian indignation, such as *The Disinherited* or *Jews Without Money* arouse, and being made to feel an unforgettable, lasting sorrow for human affliction.

If any young man wishes to write of the proletariat, if that is the life he knows and is steeped in, if it is that which fertilizes his mind, let him first of all decide if what he wants to write is a pamphlet about the class struggle; and if it is, these American proletarian novels are as good models as any. But if what he wants to write is literature and if he wants to know how literature can be made out of exactly the same material, let him read Gorki, always remembering that art is the result of certain processes of the mind of which only a limited number of people at any time are capable. Of these a surprising number have not only not cared whether or not they got paid for their work, but very many were not paid at all. Even in our own day the greatest living literary artists have never made out of their work a livelihood equal to that of a moderately paid plumber. That literature can be made to serve any class or caste is an illusion, a dream like many other dreams that have come out of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries — like that dream that some revolution, *the* revolution, the overthrow of the bourgeoisie, of aristocracy, of royalty, of governments, of rulers is going to bring into existence the good life for everyone or is going to change in any way except superficially the march or ordering of the world.

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MR. HENDERSON AND THE LEAGUE

BY H. H. RAILEY

Scissor-cuts by Hunt Diederich

FOG DRIFTS in from the lake. It seeps through trees whose black fingers grope in protest for the sun. In gray folds, thick and persistent with winter's urging, fog settles over Geneva. On Ariana Hill the shell of the new palace of the League of Nations is formless in a shroud that obscures its vast white stone façade. In the prevailing weather it seems unreal, like the vision of the grim man who died for it. When the long winter ends; when the fog — the political fog — disappears in the spring; when the sun-sheen glistens on the glacial lake, and Mont Blanc's crown reasserts the glory of the Alps, what will it be, this palace of the League: tomb of hope that war shall not again ravish the earth, or temple of peace triumphant?

Three times in 1933 the machinery of international co-operation at Geneva broke down under the crucial tests to which it was subjected. It failed to check Japanese aggression in Manchuria: a powerful state violated the territory of a weak state; and the League, of which both were members, proved unable to prevent it. It failed to save the London Economic Conference: economic nationalism is rampant. It failed to produce a disarmament convention: after two years the Disarmament Conference has yet to achieve the first decisive step agreed to in its own resolution of July 23, 1932, "although the science of destruction is advancing by leaps and bounds, and although the danger of rearmament of disarmed Powers and of renewed competition in warlike preparations grows daily more acute." Japan defied the League, Germany repudiated it, and both resigned. Italy, demanding immediate reform of "its constitution, its methods and its objectives," passed a suspended sentence upon it. Of the five Great (member) Powers, only three remain at Geneva: England with misgivings, France stubbornly, and Italy with menacing reservations.

But is it actually the League that has failed? Is there no hope for survival of that political philosophy which renounces war as an instrument of national policy and which sixty-two nations are pledged to preserve under the Pact of Paris? Must it be admitted and has it been demonstrated that in the conferences of civilized peoples covenants vital to the peace of the world cannot be openly arrived at? Is Hell the alternative to Utopia? What *is* the League of Nations, anyway?

MR. HENDERSON SURVEYS THE WRECK

IN ENGLAND a grizzled little man, who was once an iron puddler, surveys with brooding eyes the wreck of international co-operation, the shambles of hope, and the utter moral poverty of the European scene. He is "Uncle Arthur" Henderson, Secretary of the British Labor Party, and his views on the League of Nations are of particular interest — not because he is a valiant and uncompromising internationalist, revered at Geneva; not because he is President of the Disarmament Conference; but because he is probably the next Prime Minister of England; because the League is the pivot of the Labor Party's foreign policy; because he is feared by Mr. MacDonald and Sir John Simon, whose power is waning; because he has cracked the whip over the scurrying statesmen and diplomats whose policies he disapproves, whose methods he

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condemns, and whose motives he both distrusts and shrewdly penetrates.

"The League," asserts Mr. Henderson, "is a system of law and institutions. The law prescribes peace and justice; it challenges the anarchic dogma that might is right, by affording the same protection for the rights of all states, great and small. The institutions give an equal voice to every state whose interests are involved in any question with which they deal; they meet in public, keep printed records of all they do, and thus furnish substantial guarantees that every nation can lay its case before the impartial opinion of the world. This is not machinery which lends itself to the corrupt diplomacy of nationalist and reactionary governments. Such governments are likely to avoid Geneva when they seek objectionable ends. They will prefer the secret methods of the old diplomacy of pre-war days. . . .

"Can it be," he proceeds, "that what has happened has proved the errors of the law, the institutions, and the practices of which the League of Nations system is composed? Or has it simply proved that the governments have not observed the law, have failed to live up to their obligations, have not taken seriously their duties as members of the Council, have disregarded the practices which, in the first decade of the League's existence, they had themselves built up? Here, indeed, is no argument against the Covenant and the machinery it set up. Here is no argument for destroying what now exists and starting over again. Here is only an argument for placing responsibility where it rightfully belongs; for recognizing that — what is so often forgotten — the League is not a super-state, not a super-national entity upon which, when it is convenient, blame for all international evils and misfortunes can be thrust. The League is a league of governments, and it cannot be effective as an instrument of peace and justice unless the governments of which it is composed are honestly determined to use it for these ends. . . . It is upon the governments, therefore, and not the League, that the blame for recent failures must fall. It follows that the remedy for recent failures lies not in scrapping the Covenant, but in resolving that it shall be properly applied."

It was rumored in September that if a convention were not assured before the first of the year Mr. Henderson, discouraged and out of patience, proposed to abandon his labors for disarmament and as leader of the opposition to take the issue before the British people. Later, announcement of his intention to resign, unless the governments changed their attitudes, created a sensation in the House of Commons when it was read by Sir Stafford Cripps on the night of November 13, after an acrimonious debate on disarmament in which the government's policy was severely criticized.

The next day at Geneva Mr. Henderson gave the screw another turn, issuing an official statement which read in part, "I feel that I am not receiving the support which I am entitled to expect. When the Italian delegation indicates its position will be that of observer, I am very disappointed. . . . I cannot remain at Geneva indefinitely under conditions such as I have recently experienced."

The impasse which aroused "Uncle Arthur" grew out of the Italian attitude toward continuance of the Conference and the position taken in London by his own government that under the circumstances it appeared expedient to suspend indefinitely all efforts at Geneva and to resort to direct diplomatic conversations — a development that subsequently caused the French to point out in forceful terms that France and many other countries, including Holland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Switzerland, would regard suspension and its inevitable discrediting of the League as catastrophic. Behind closed doors the conferees went into a huddle. Italy sought indefinite postponement of activity at Geneva and favored shifting to an Italian town for "conversations" in which the Germans could take part. France clung to Geneva as the scene of negotiations. Disagreement on procedure concealed a profound divergence of views among the British, French, Italians, and Americans. After four days of secret wrangling Geneva's "face" and little else was saved when, on November 22, Mr. Henderson announced a recess until after the meeting of the League of Nations Council on January 15.

"It was recognized," he was obliged to concede, "that the existing differences on several political questions were too great to encourage any hope of a successful issue from premature discussions in the general commission."

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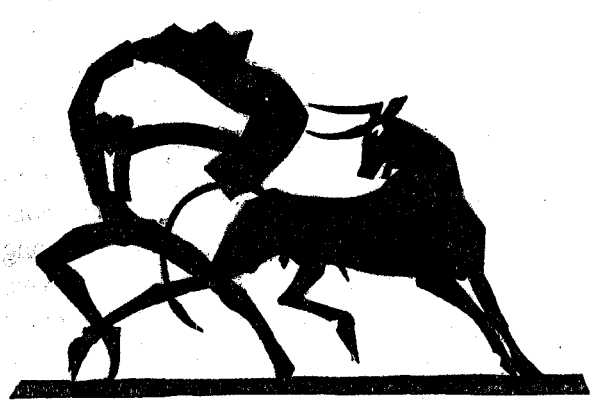
The Log Jam at Geneva

But in agreeing to postponement — to indefinite postponement — and in sanctioning direct negotiations away from Geneva, Mr. Henderson had placed squarely on the shoulders of Mr. MacDonald, who had advocated that procedure, responsibility for the outcome. Told by the British delegation, by the French, and the Italian that the "only hope" was to resort to methods in which he has no faith and which he condemns — diplomatic conversations of the pre-war variety, which the Germans had confidently predicted would be "a sequel to the waning prestige of the League of Nations" — he decided to let them try it. At first it appeared that Mr. MacDonald's theory would triumph, that in direct conversations the French and the Germans *would* compose their more important differences. But within a few weeks it was again demonstrated that in spite of his pacific utterances Hitler is less interested in the disarmament of other nations than in the *rearmament* of Germany. Diplomatic negotiations have so far failed to free the key log in the jam at Geneva.

For the French the outcome provides further justification of their policy of Security; for the British, a return to Geneva appears the only alternative; for the Italians — frustration. It is a "victory" for Mr. Henderson. Vicariously, it is a "victory" for the League. For Mr. MacDonald?



In spite of the fact that England's coalition government retains an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons, trends in five recent by-elections indicate loss of prestige. While it is true, on the one hand, that economic conditions have improved; that there is hope for reduction of taxes; that foreign trade has improved slightly; that unemployment has decreased; that there is a surplus in the unemployment-insurance fund; that the budget is balanced; and industry generally is more active, it is equally true, on the other hand, that among the workers there is growing dissatisfaction with the "means test" by which title to relief must be proved; with the government's general economic policy, which has been sharply criticized on the score that it has not sufficiently expanded credit; with Britain's foreign policy as conducted by Sir John Simon, who was recently called by Lord Arnold the "worst Foreign Secretary this country has had in fifty years." British public opinion does not view with equanimity developments in Europe. England is in no mood for adventure on the Continent. Mr. Baldwin's boast at Birmingham that "England will honor her signature at Locarno!" had a hollow ring. Labor's echoing growl, "What about the Pact of Paris?" was more convincing. England's foreign policy is hesitant, baffled. England "sways from Left to Right — and back to Left again," observes Mr. Lloyd George. The present government's prestige is waning: Mr. MacDonald is insecure. Labor, as the crisis on the Continent grows more acute, prepares to cast its anchor to windward.

The threat of the Fascist Grand Council on December 6 — that Italy would withdraw unless the League were reorganized "within the shortest possible time," and its Covenant divorced from the Treaty of Versailles — was an abortive attempt to create a hegemony of Great Powers within the League by eliminating certain articles of the Covenant objectionable to the United States and Russia, thus inducing these nations to join and Germany and Japan to cancel resignations already filed. Mussolini's bold bid for the rôle of arbiter of seething Central Europe merely tightened lines already taut, merely aggravated strain already at the breaking point. London was cool, Washington aloof, Tokyo indifferent, but in Prague, Bucharest, and Paris there was deep concern. Rumania's Foreign Minister, Mr. Titulescu, witnessing at Prague a torchlight procession of ten thousand persons demonstrating against the Hungarian revisionist campaign, declared: "Revision would mean war for the Little Entente. We are

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ready to defend Czechoslovak soil as we would Rumanian soil. There is no difference for us whether we have to defend Czechoslovak, Rumanian, or Jugoslav territory. We all have the same aim." The French Foreign Minister, M. Paul-Boncour, incisively affirmed his government's fidelity to the League of Nations, "which remains and will remain the basis of French policy."

But France is uneasy. From Hitler's advent until a few months ago the press had drummed into the people its inspired thesis that the Chancellor of the Reich was not to be trusted under any circumstances. *Securité!* Then the editors became divided — over Hitler, whose peace gestures confused their counsel; over the League, which is no longer wholly sacrosanct; and over England. The outlook is ominous. Since Germany quit the League on October 14 political trends have completed a vicious circle — *the* vicious circle of deadlocked disarmament. The situation remains as it was — on October 14.

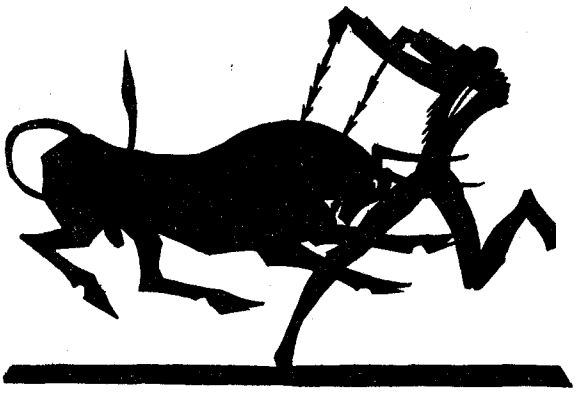
Is War Inevitable?

Behind the struggle for revision of the post-war treaties; behind the diplomatic dither over the truncated League and the Disarmament Conference; behind the bustle in the chancelleries and the scuttling of statesmen from one capital to another, the French people detect and with dangerous apathy accept preparation for war. War, they think, is not imminent. It is merely inevitable.

Mr. Henderson looks on — weary, disillusioned, impatient, and he cries out passionately:

"The Labor Party does *not* believe that war is inevitable. . . . Never again, if Labor can prevent it, shall the peoples be thrown into another conflict in support of the false ambitions and sectional interests which nationalist and reactionary governments pursue. Never will the Labor Party agree that Great Britain shall herself make, or help others make, any war for purposes such as these. With the other civilized nations of the world, Great Britain has signed the Pact of Paris; she has renounced war as an instrument of national policy; every section of the Labor Movement is determined that that pledge shall be honored to the full. If any government should seek, in violation of that pledge, to involve Great Britain in war, it would be opposed by the united strength of the whole Labor Movement."

In that promise hope abides. Peace through a general strike! Not a wheel would turn. Communication would be paralyzed. Troops



could not be transported on land or sea. The sickening racket in the armaments factories would be stilled, and the deadly business in the chemical laboratories would cease. Without Labor war could not be waged, and Labor — highly organized and sensitive to repercussions in its multi-tongued family — is dead in earnest.

A summary of the British Labor Party's foreign policy is worth examining:

1. The central object: to abolish war by organizing peace.
2. Peace must be organized through the League of Nations; the League is the pivot of Labor's policy.
3. The Labor Government should (if elected) pass a Peace Act of Parliament making it clear that this country will
   (a) settle all disputes by peaceful means.
   (b) Never use coercive measures except to resist aggression and when the organized community of nations has recognized that their use is unavoidable.
   (c) Take part in world-wide economic action to restore peace by isolating the peace-breaker.
4. The Labor Government will strengthen the peace system by:
   (a) Completing existing obligations not to resort to force.
   (b) Perfecting the means for preventing and stopping the use of armed force, settling disputes peacefully and promoting peaceful change.
   (c) Drastic disarmament by rapid stages and through international agreement.

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(d) Early abolition of the weapons of aggression forbidden Germany.
(e) The suppression of private manufacture of Armaments.
(f) The Internationalization of Civil Aviation.
(g) The limitation of Budgetary Expenditures on Armaments.
(h) Constructive measures of "Moral Disarmament."

5. Economic and financial co-operation and planning on a world-wide scale:
(a) To combat economic nationalism, particularly tariffs.
(b) To increase consumption.
(c) To organize world production for the use of all instead of for the profit of the few.
6. Friendship and co-operation with the United States, particularly in questions of peace or war.
7. Development of friendly relations, commercial and political, with Russia and the conclusion of a Treaty of Non-Aggression and Conciliation.
8. World action to uphold peace and law in the Far East.
9. Full co-operation with the International Labor Organization by:
(a) the adoption of a General Convention for the 40-hour week.
(b) Other measures to meet the problems caused by renationalization, machinery and mass production in industry and agriculture.
10. Fullest publicity in all international dealings. No secret alliances, treaties or engagements of any kind.

It is Labor's cartel.

In England, Mr. Henderson's frail fingers grip the pulse of the electorate, beating faster to the sound of distant drums and the rattle of the guns underground.

Next Month:
"Preface to an American Manifesto,"
by Archibald MacLeish

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IS SECURITY WORTH $20,000,000,000?

BY EDWARD A. FILENE

THE EDITOR of THE FORUM asked me how I felt about the "chorus of dismay" which greeted the President's message on the budget.

I liked it. It made this drama of recovery almost perfect. It was just the touch that was needed to make us all aware of the real difference between the new order and the old — especially the financial difference.

It was not a chorus of criticism. There was no general rising to state that this and that figure was obviously too large, and that the project contemplated could be completed for a much lower sum. There was no hint of the Pork Barrel. It was just a *chorus of dismay* that we as a nation should seize upon this, of all times, to take on such a staggering load of debt.

The keynote of the chorus was, "*Ten Billion Dollars!*"

But the ten billion, staggering as the sum may be, referred to only one year's budget. The total cost of recovery, under the President's program, has been estimated by some as approximately double that amount.

"A seven-billion dollar deficit for the coming fiscal year!"

"A great additional deficit in 1935!"

"A total national debt of more than *thirty billion* — greater than our debt at the close of the World War, including all that we borrowed from our own people to lend to our Allies!"

"So the New Deal has come to this!"

Thus went the lines of the dismal chant. But it was not a Wall Street chant. It was not a mere bankers' chant. It was the chant of the old order — a grand recessional — and every American who had been inclined to welcome the new order without saying good-bye to the old must have been impressed.

Growing up, after all, is pretty serious business, and it is quite as serious for a civilization as it is for an individual. If we could only take our childhood along with us! — but we can't. Many of us, however, had expected to go on into the New Deal without giving up our childish notions of finance. Now, it seems, we must choose whether to grow up or not; for the New Deal most assuredly *has* come to this.

II

THE NEW ORDER must be financed. The necessity can no longer be dodged. The question before the house is: Is the enterprise worth the necessary investment?

To make the issue clear, let us admit that the New Deal may cost twenty billion dollars. That's a lot of money, and we surely should know, before we pay it out, exactly what it is in which we are investing. Let us compare it, then, with some of our previous investments.

Take the World War, for instance. It has cost America something more than forty billion dollars, and we are still paying and will be paying for it, for many decades to come. How much did we make out of it? How much did we hope to make out of it? Even if the World War had gone more smoothly than it did, what was the likelihood of its paying dividends?

It may be answered that we never went into the World War with any such thought in our minds. I know it. Collectively we had sense enough to know that war could not produce any wealth, and that it must, in fact, leave us collectively poorer than we had been before — unless by some chance we could speed our machinery of production so that we could produce, as we went along, as much as the war, plus our normal consumption, would consume. Nevertheless, while we were quite sure that the war would leave us collectively poorer, each of us individually expected to draw interest on whatever money we contributed toward financing the war. And that ex-

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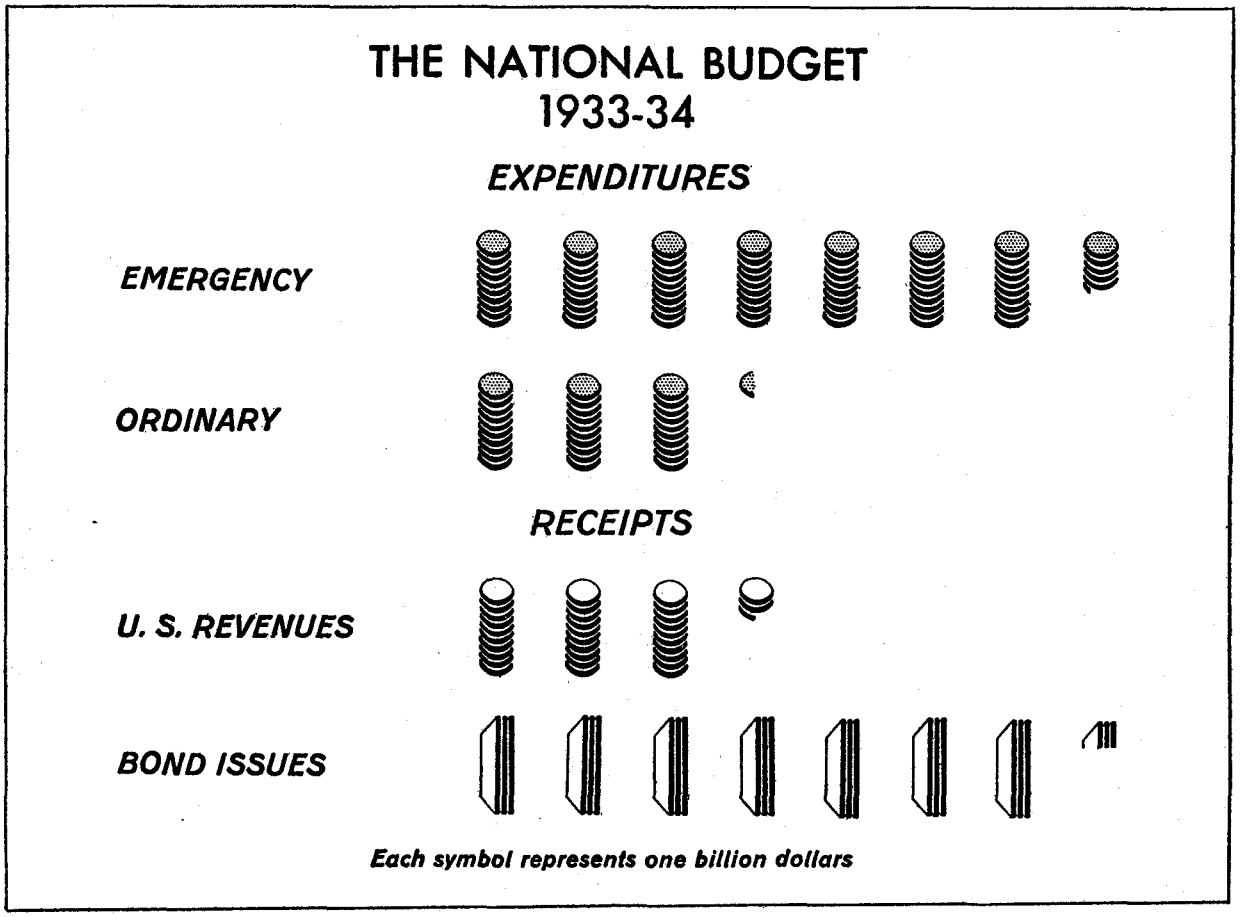

pectation was perfectly consistent with our whole childish theory of finance.

It is all beside the point to blame our erstwhile financial leaders for holding such theories. They were *our* theories; and these financial leaders were our financial leaders because they *did* hold them. If they had believed in a different theory of finance, we would not have entrusted our money to their care, and they would never have become our financial leaders. It was their theory, and ours, that loans are rendered secure, not by the way in which the money loaned is used, but by some guarantee which the borrower is asked to give.

In their eyes, and in ours, these war loans were the safest possible loans, because they were guaranteed by the I. O. U.'s of established governments. That such a war must result in disestablishing many such governments was, in their eyes and in ours, totally irrelevant.

It happened that our own government was able to ride the storm, and our own Liberty Bonds remained good — *to those who held them.* It might be well to remember, however, just how this happened. It was not alone because of our greater total wealth and our lesser participation in the war, but because, while the war was on, our American industries were co-ordinated under the War Boards, *according to a program which provided for universal employment at higher wages than American workers had ever received before.* Had we paid lower wages, as so many European nations did, we must have had less buying, less business prosperity, and less ability to meet the costs of the war. It must not be forgotten, however, that the only way in which our government has been able to keep those Liberty Bonds good has been through taxing all of us to pay interest to some of us who were able to keep the bonds. Collectively considered, there isn't much profit in that.

Comparing the President's budget figures with the war figures can surely get us nowhere unless we consider the nature of the different enterprises. Assuming that recovery may cost America half as much as the war cost us, it must be conceded that recovery is, on the whole, rather more profitable than war. There is no particular point, then, in groaning at the

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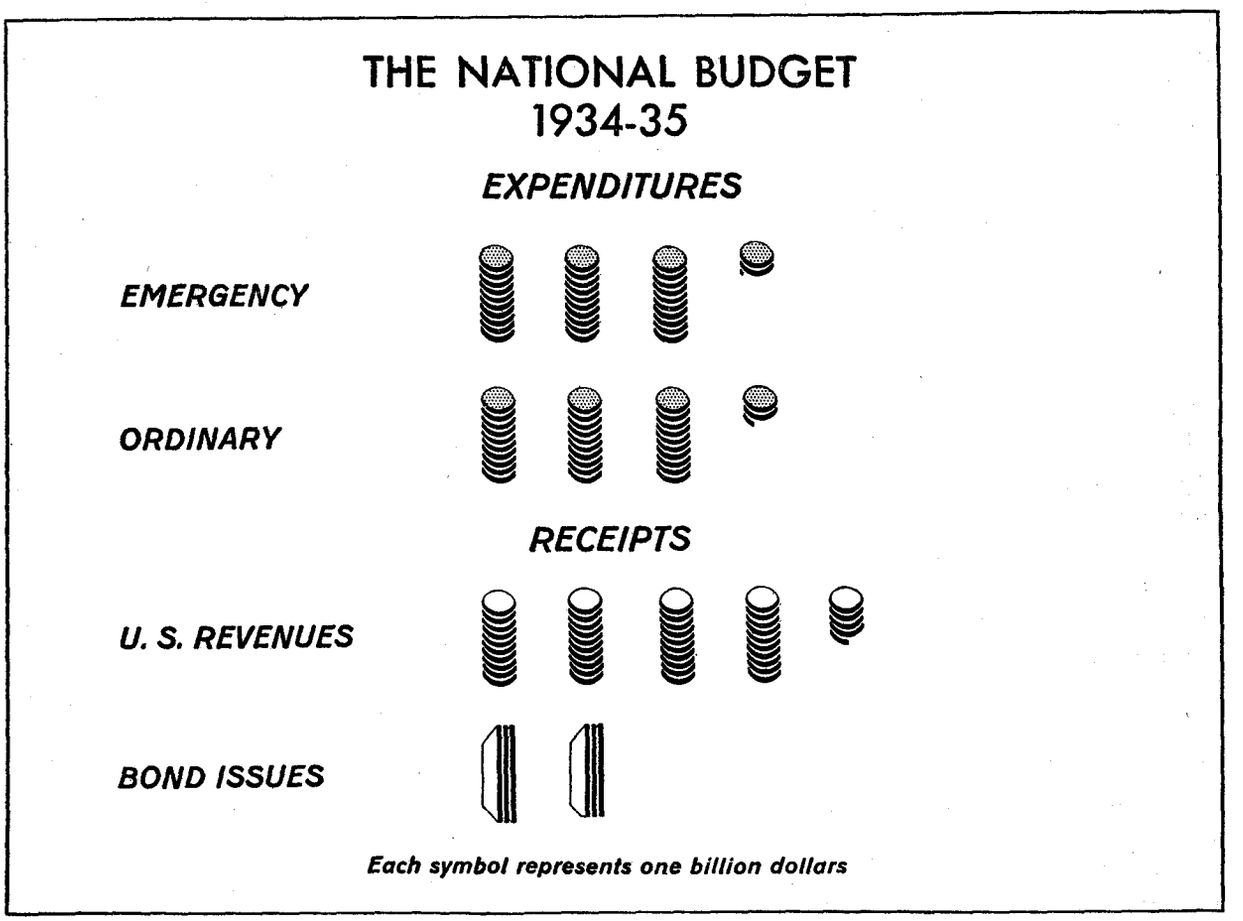

mere size of the figures. The only relevant questions are: (1) Will the President's recovery program lead to recovery? (2) If so, is recovery worth such a large investment of capital? (3) Is there a better program to be considered as an alternative?

III

It is not the purpose of this article to prove that the President's program will lead to recovery. With the great majority of American business men, I am convinced that it will; and if anyone is not yet convinced, it is probably because he has his mind on some special detail of the program and is unable to visualize the program as a whole. At any rate, I am now dealing, not with a criticism of the program, but with the dismay of those who are dismayed at the thought of our spending twenty billion dollars in these times for anything.

The program, it will be conceded, is for the purpose of creating prosperity, mainly through arranging that the masses everywhere be profitably employed, in industry, agriculture, or professional life, with a sufficient income to enable them to buy and to enjoy the wealth which we are now so abundantly able to produce.

How much is such an enterprise worth? There is only one possible answer when the question once comes home to us like that.

It is worth whatever it costs — that's all — providing, of course, that the funds shall not be wasted. The Administration, however, so far from insisting that each detail of its program be carried through unquestioningly, has repeatedly asked for constructive criticism. No one would be more pleased, we may be sure, than the President, if anyone can show him how recovery can be achieved with less expenditure. But that is not the theme of the chorus of dismay. That chorus has simply been chanting that we are poor and needy and already overburdened with debt; and that now the Administration would have us assume still bigger obligations, still more burdens when taxes are already unendurable, and when we had hoped that the cost of government might come down.

That the operating costs of the existing

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government have come down appreciably makes little impression upon us in such moods as this. This extra cost, however, is obviously for recovery, and the fact must eventually come home to us. Shall we borrow money for recovery, or shall we not, when it is perfectly plain that we cannot recover unless we do? And if we do borrow money for recovery, shall we borrow enough to capitalize recovery? Or would it not be better, considering how shocking these figures are, to borrow some amount which won't be quite so shocking?

In other words, if we must build a bridge, and it would cost a staggering amount to build one clear across the river, wouldn't it be more reasonable and less radical to build one halfway across? And shall we build one that will hold our weight or one that will hold, say, a reasonable part of the weight which we are bound to put upon it?

If we can not raise the necessary amount, of course, we must abandon the project. There *are* alternatives. The New Deal is not the only way of meeting our economic difficulties. Russia, Italy, and Germany have all found different ways. If any Americans prefer these alternatives to the President's recovery program, their objections to capitalizing his program can easily be understood. The chorus of dismay, however, was not composed of communists, fascists, and worshipers of Adolph Hitler.

Of course, when anyone suggests that America was in danger of violent social revolution, it is customary to say that such a thing, which generally occurred in other countries under similar conditions, was utterly unthinkable here. Yes, it may have been unthinkable by Americans in 1932. But it would not have been unthinkable in 1933 or 1934, unless some great national program had been advanced to end unemployment and to create prosperity. Incidentally, the course which America has already taken was unthinkable by Americans at the time that they elected President Roosevelt. Conditions then seemed intolerable to a great majority; nevertheless, sixteen million Americans still voted against any radical change. By March 4, however, the idea of not changing had become unthinkable. Our banks were all closed. Fifteen million Americans were unemployed. Our economic structure had collapsed. Something had to be done, and done in a hurry.

IV

THERE IS, to be sure, one possible alternative now which did not exist a year ago. For a certain degree of prosperity has already returned; and we might conceivably let things slide until we go to smash again. In the meantime, something *might* happen which would tend to bring back temporary prosperity without our having to organize for permanent recovery.

It would be well to remember, however, that waiting for something to happen is rather costly, too. America waited for three years, not very long ago; and although the costs did not show up in the budget, we must admit that the wait was expensive.

During those years, for instance, there were from five to fifteen million Americans out of work — which by no means represents the total of unemployment, because so many other millions were working part time and were, therefore, half or three quarters unemployed. But suppose we strike the average at ten million — how much does a nation lose by having ten million unemployed for three years?

That would be hard to answer exactly because it would depend so much upon what they would be doing if they were not unemployed. If they would be working by hand, of course, they would produce only a fraction of what they would produce if they were to work with modern power machinery under modern management. Some statisticians, in fact, would merely find their average wage when employed, multiply that by ten million, and call the sum the daily loss. If the average wage was four dollars a day, then, the whole loss for three years of three hundred working days each would amount to *only* thirty-six billion dollars.

But such figures represent a mere fraction of the loss. They take no account, for one thing, of what it cost to support these ten million unemployed and their families during those three years; and certainly the four dollars paid in wages, if the figure was as low as that, did not represent the total value of their production. Our real loss, it seems to me, was the difference between nothing and the sum that these workers might have produced if organ-

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ized under good modern American management, plus whatever they paid from their own savings during their unemployment, plus what was paid by public and private charity for their support, and plus certain other sums which must remain incalculable.

Untold thousands, for instance, were ruined, physically, mentally, or spiritually, by this ordeal. Other thousands were enlisted in gangdom, and learned to prey upon society, for what amount of booty we can never tell. Worst of all, perhaps, was the loss to coming generations because of the undernourishment and ill care of no one knows how many children, in spite of the heroic work of our relief and charitable organizations.

If we confine ourselves merely to the one item of what these unemployed did not produce, and which they could have produced had they been reasonably employed, the value of their production would surely have averaged ten dollars a day, per worker, and the sum for three years is ninety billion dollars.

Collectively, we lost that. Collectively we could have saved it — not, of course, by putting it in the bank but by consuming it — that is, by *putting it into our lives* — if we had only had some national plan which provided for consumption by the masses of the things which the masses wanted and which, with modern machinery and under modern management, the masses were able to produce.

But we had no such plan; and we had, therefore, what we called "overproduction," instead. And our remedy for this overproduction was to wait for better times, incidentally losing one hundred million dollars every day we waited.

To a considerable number of Americans, this did not seem quite logical; but there was nothing, apparently, which they could do about it. Henry Ford might advise the public to spend and not to save; and if there were sufficient buying, many of us could see, there would be plenty of employment. But the movement, to be effective, had to be collective; and those who had money to spend, and wanted to spend it, were afraid to do so individually.

V

Now, however, everything is different. Now there is a national plan. Now there is a whole nation agreeing to a nation-wide recovery program, to the end that the masses shall be employed and at wages sufficient to enable themselves to buy enough, and thus to create a sufficient demand for goods, so that they will not lose their jobs.

Personally, I am certain that the New Deal must go a bit farther than most Americans seem to think necessary just yet. It seems to me that business, when it once fully grasps the nature of this deal, will insist that the workers receive not only adequate wages, but definite assurance that they will not lose their jobs, to the end that these wages shall be freely spent. I am convinced, also, that business will generally insist, not only on unemployment insurance, but sickness and accident insurance, and adequate pensions or annuities for those too old or too young to work. For this problem which we have been calling overproduction is a mighty serious problem, and there are only two things which business can attempt to do about it.

We must either shut down production, as we recently did, with results which were not entirely satisfactory, or we must jack up consumption, by increasing mass buying power, which is the elemental principle of the New Deal.

Those who have had a long acquaintance with American business men, I grant, assure me that they will never go so far as I have indicated — insisting that the masses shall have, not only plenty of spending money, but such economic security that they will be sure to spend it. But I too have had a long acquaintance with American business men. What's more, I have had a *recent* acquaintance with them; and if their attitude changes as much during the next year as it has in the one just past — well, you won't recognize them.

And when they once study these budget figures in the light of the experience which they have so recently had, that chorus of dismay will turn into one of pleased surprise. For permanent prosperity is now the goal — and permanent prosperity to one hundred and twenty-five million people is surely worth an investment of twenty billion dollars — or about what it costs, in non-production, to keep fifteen million unemployed for four and a half months.

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Courtesy of the Kennedy Gallery

Ballad Singer

CHINESE CHARACTERS

Three Lithographs

BY THOMAS HANDFORTH

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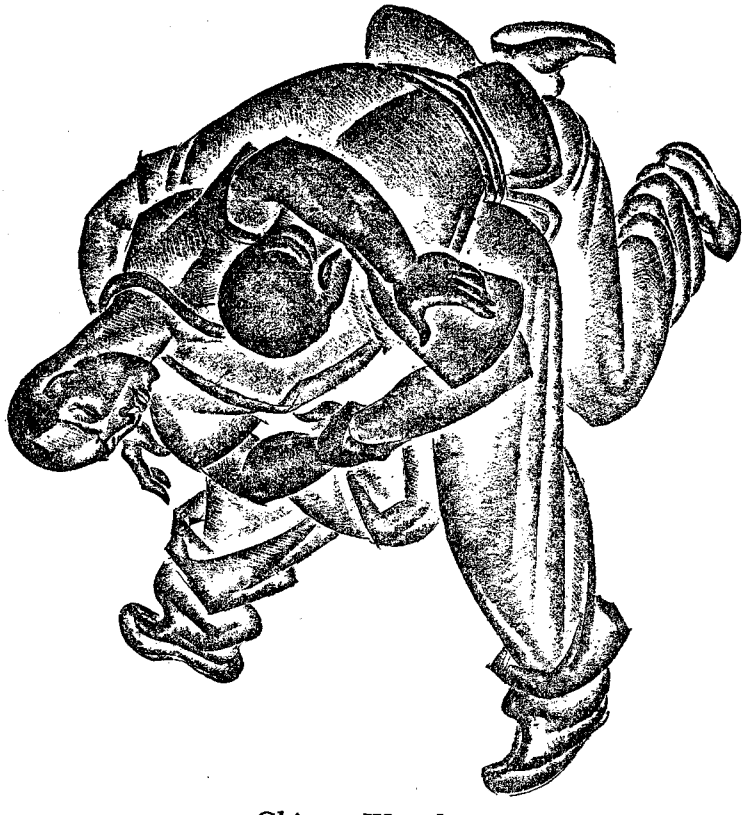
Sword Dancer



Chinese Wrestlers

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A MODEL FOR THE NEW DEAL

BY EARL CHAPIN MAY

If, as, and when the Supreme Court of the United States decides that the National Industrial Recovery Act belongs in the discard it will not be necessary for President Franklin D. Roosevelt and his Administration to relegate the celebrated and promising New Deal to history. Neither will it be necessary for our nation to plunge over the edge of an economic cliff in an orgy of price-cutting, sweatshop-opening, wage-slashing, and market-swamping.

Even if the Roosevelt Administration should find to its sorrow — and the sorrow of millions of citizens — that the New Deal, in spite of its idealism, is not practicable — will not work with or without the support of our highest tribunal — this nation need not descend to the depths of despondency by refusing to follow the New Deal's basic principle — that capital and labor must collaborate.

To all important intents and purposes the Roosevelt New Deal has successfully functioned for fifteen years in the lumber regions of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. For fifteen years capital and labor have dwelt in harmony; wages and profits have been controlled; production has kept approximate pace with consumer demand; peace has reigned where industrial war once flourished; and a large part of one of our major industries has been run on an even keel, by self-government.

Elsewhere on this continent you can find illustrations of harmonious co-operation of men and management; but nowhere else, in my opinion, can you discover major manufacturing and merchandising operations so widely scattered geographically yet so closely knit in their functioning as those carried on in remote logging camps and industrial centers of our northwestern states.

Officially, this co-operative is known as The Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen. Popularly, it is known as the "4L." It began under a military dictatorship as a patriotic movement to meet a war-time emergency. It has survived without any material change in organization machinery since 1921 and without a dictatorship, except that vested in mutually agreeing employers and employees.

If anything goes wrong with the machinery set up by the National Industrial Recovery Act — if the Supreme Court or any other court or influence throws a monkey wrench into the federal government's industrial recovery program — President Roosevelt and his "brain trust" can turn gracefully to the 4L and ride to recovery on its band wagon. The National Industrial Recovery Act might become permanent by adopting some of the methods of the Pacific Northwest 4L.

II

You may recall that late in 1917 the Central Powers were giving the Allies a series of beatings; that men in English army uniforms were shouting on our street corners, "Our backs are to the wall!" You may also recall that French as well as English high officers were warning this country that the great World War must be won in the air; that spruce was necessary to airplane construction; and that the best spruce available was in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. The United States was adjured to hurry vast quantities of selected spruce from our northwestern states to European battlefronts.

Taking cognizance of this critical situation, our War Department at the capital canceled the sailing orders of Brice P. Disque, then a Lieutenant Colonel in the American air service, and ordered him to Portland, Oregon, as Commander of the Spruce Division of the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps of the United States Army under Mr. J. D. Ryan, Assistant Secretary of War and Director of Aircraft

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Production. Colonel Disque's job was to speed up selected spruce production and shipments from a half a million to thirty million feet per month and from fifty to ten days in transit from the northwestern spruce forest to our Atlantic coast.

Our War Department picked on Disque because of his wide experience with army administration work in this country and the Philippines. Six days after his new job had been given him he was on it, at Portland, Oregon. For several years prior to the army officer's arrival there, our northwestern lumber regions had been the hectic hunting grounds for the I. W. W. strikes, and sabotage, fomented by "wobblies," had practically paralyzed the nation's spruce industry. Employers had augmented the difficulties by stealing men from each other and putting them to work in disgracefully insanitary logging camps.

The "wobblies" were cocky; lumber interests cold. "You'll have a hell of a job to get spruce out of northwestern timber, because of government red tape and other obstacles," was the Mayor of Portland's greeting to the dapper army officer. Many years of army service as director of an army factory had developed a Disque code of human relations. After carefully examining the local situation he proceeded to put this code into practice.

The industry was divided on the eight-hour day, and after endless operator conferences it was deadlocked. It was then that it dumped all its problems in Disque's lap. Calling operators and workmen into conference he announced that eight instead of ten hours on the job, without cut in wages, would be the basic working day; living conditions in camps would be raised to United States Army standards; employers must stop stealing men; that there would be a new deal and a fair deal for everybody. Then he submitted, for voluntary adoption, a constitution and by-laws for The Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, an association of employees and employers in the Pacific Northwest lumber industry.

An extraordinary feature of the program was the adoption of a maximum wage scale, to which labor, long accustomed to demanding its schedules in terms of minimums, freely agreed. The point was to prevent operators from outbidding one another for labor during the war emergency and to keep costs down. Colonel Disque was spending government money. After the war period had passed, a minimum scale was substituted.

The foundation of the plan was the Local, consisting of employees and employers at any logging or lumber manufacturing operation. This Local elected delegates who in turn elected a District Board at an annual convention where employees and employers met separately. The first employee member and the first employer member elected became Directors from the district. As there were twelve districts, the Board of Directors was composed of twelve employees and twelve employers. This Board elected the President, who nominated an Executive Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Editor of the *Four-L Lumber News*, who were elected by the Board. If the twenty-four members of the Board of Directors were tied on any vote, the deciding vote was cast by the President.

In an industry so widely scattered it was vital that the Local should be largely self-governing. Hence it was empowered to meet at least once a month; to elect by secret ballot a Chairman, Vice-Chairman, a Secretary, and a Treasurer, semi-annually. The same procedure was followed in electing a Conference Committee of three employees, to which no one responsible for employing or discharging men was eligible. A dissatisfied employee made his complaint to a foreman. If the result was not satisfactory to the employee, he carried his case to the Conference Committee, which laid it before the foreman, superintendent, or manager and carried it to the District Board if necessary. From there the case could be carried to the Board of Directors.

Theoretically the Board of Directors was the court of last resort, but if its decision was not satisfactory to the contending parties, the dispute could go to arbitration by a committee especially appointed for that purpose. As a matter of record, it has never been necessary to appeal to an arbitration committee on a matter in dispute between employee and employer. All disputes have been settled on the plant or by the District Board or Board of Directors.

Naturally this elaborate machinery was put into running order not without some attempts at monkey wrenching. The "wobblies" had

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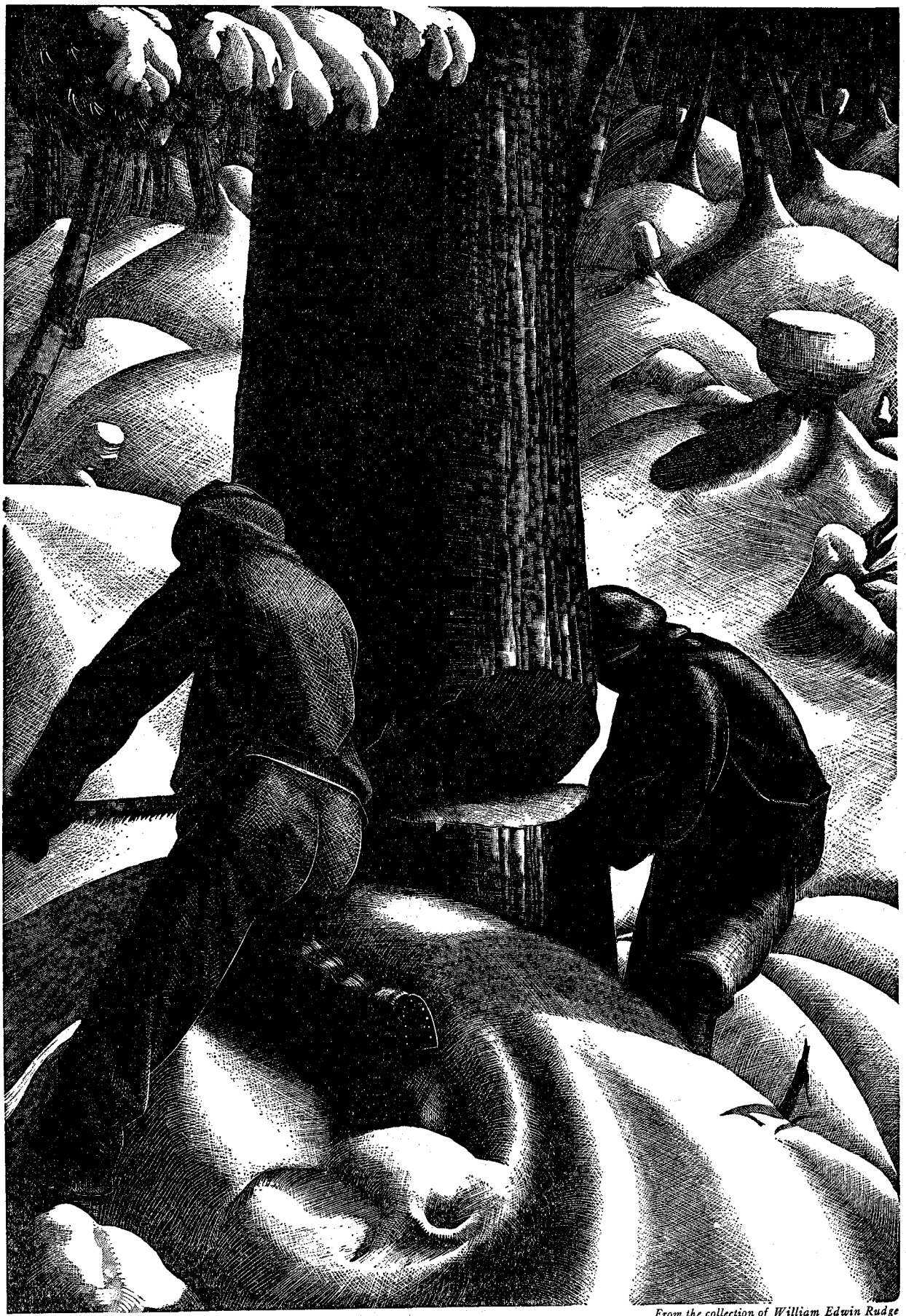

Woodcuts by Clare Leighton

From the collection of William Edwin Rudge

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been too long intrenched in that region to retire gracefully from the scene. They tried their traditional methods of disruption, but after a few weeks of futile endeavor departed for more fertile fields.

They had barely left a vacuum before the National Federation of Labor appeared, in the persons of well-financed organizers. Disque was ready for this development. At a 4L convention he declared:

> We find further agitation being started and further effort to disrupt conditions. I want to show you what kind of people are back of it. And I'll leave it to you to decide if they are patriotic Americans, seeking to help in this crisis, or selfish agitators seeking to promote their own selfish interests.
>
> Not one of them is a laboring man — all are living on salaries drawn from funds created by labor unions through assessments. All believe in the unionizing of all labor as a *class* to stand out against what they please to term the *capitalist class*. They know we have brought about a better feeling and stable conditions; that I am playing square; that we are gradually bringing about a better relationship between employer and employees; that when that relationship is what it must be, there will be no chance for the smooth talker to live by his wits off donations of laboring men whom he tries to keep stirred up all the time.

These warm words were spoken by a benevolent military dictator after he had visited various lumber camps which he found so foul he "wouldn't send a hog to live in" them and other camps which the owners had made sanitary and comfortable but which "the men had turned into regular sties." He had persuaded employees and employers to admit their faults. His 4L organization, founded when ten-hour days in insanitary camps were customary; labor turnover approximated 1,000 per cent a year; and employers ironically said three men were needed for every job — one going, one on, and one coming — this organization had within a few months met the Allies' demand for one million feet of selected spruce daily — an increase of 2,700 per cent over pre-4L output.

III

BUT UNION LABOR organizers were insistent. Dictator Disque met their challenge with this declaration to his lumbermen and lumberjacks:

> Don't mistake this organization for a union. The American Federation is a comparatively new organization, and it has made great strides and done a lot of good. Mr. Gompers is a friend in whom I have great confidence. We are fortunate that such a man is at the head of the Federation.
>
> But, as I wrote Mr. Gompers the other day, when I came here the American Federation was not installed in the lumber industry. If it is going to use the Loyal Legion to ride into power, it will not be while I am here. I am perfectly willing that it should organize, after the war, whenever it can, but I am not going to allow the Loyal Legion to be exploited to do something that has not been done before.
>
> I have seen a letter, unfortunately signed by Mr. Gompers, stating that the American Federation of Labor had brought about the eight-hour day in the lumber industry. There is no more truth in that statement than that the I. W. W. brought it about. I brought it about. No union could have brought it about west of the Cascades in twenty-five years. The operators would have closed down rather than give in. This organization is not to be used for that purpose. If that is what you think it is for, disband at once. It is a federal war organization to bring labor and operator into a fair and square understanding. That is all.

A few months later Mr. Gompers wrote to his rival organizer:

> Not only you but the country is to be congratulated upon the decisions you have reached regarding the establishment of the basic eight-hour day and other matters — and in organizing the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen for service in spruce production for our country's needs.

Soon after the World War ended, Dictator Disque, then a Brigadier General, resigned his dictatorship; liquidated the $10,000,000 United States Spruce Corporation, of which he was President; returned more than 96 per cent of the federal government's $100,000,000 investment; said good-bye to the 85,000 members of the 4L; and retired to private life.

It might be argued with some plausibility that an able, well-schooled regular-army Lieutenant Colonel, with the unlimited power of a war-time dictator, should have done the job Disque did so well between 1918 and 1921. It might even be taken for granted that, in complete control of the situation, he should have been able to send fifty carloads of refined spruce eastward daily, on a ten-day, coast-to-coast schedule, at a cost much lower than during any prior or subsequent period. It may be said that he was helped by the stimulus of national patriotism.

But these suggestions, I believe, should not disregard the fact that the machinery of the National Industrial Recovery Act has been set

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up in the face of an emergency quite as vital, in many respects, as a world-wide war.

There lies before me as I write a booklet labeled *Minimum Wage Scale and Regulations of The Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen.* It is dated January, 1931. This scale covers the labors of loggers from cant hook and decker to whistle punk; from hookers to rigger helpers; from loading engineers to gypsy jammers; from barn boss to dishwasher. For the sawmill it fixes the minimum wages for apprentice, millwright, and watchman. It goes right through the list of box factory and sash-and-door factory laborers, including women.

As to overtime regulations, it says that, while overtime work should be kept at an absolute minimum, the employers and employees agree that there are cases where overtime work is unavoidable and "that rules should be elastic enough to permit reasonable latitude for employees as well as employers." Moreover, this booklet shows that on November 17 and 18, 1930, the Board of Directors resolved that, as an emergency existed, permission was granted 4L operators to pay five cents *less* per hour than the minimum scale provided.

This resolution remained effective to May 31, 1931. But pasted on this page of printed record is the following typewritten paragraph:

> The above resolution was continued at the May and November, 1931 meetings of the Board of Directors, its provisions to be effective until May, 1932.

This in the face of Paragraph 42 in the 4L's booklet, entitled "Conference and Cooperation," which reads:

> The going wage is the scale of wages actually being paid. Going wages may be just as high above the minimum scale as conditions permit; they must never drop below it.

IV

I HAVE SAID earlier in this article that the lumber interests were cold to the organizer of the 4L at its beginning. You can find many big lumbermen who will tell you that during the war the 4L did not compel them to pay unduly large income taxes, although they admit they have not lost money by it. Wages, made elastic by mutual agreement, have followed business cycles up and down. Prices have moved accordingly. But the employer has been spared the grief and expense of enormous labor turnover, strikes, and sabotage.

As for the laborer in the logging camps, he is not as colorful as he used to be. Most of the old picturesque characters are now in fiction. A few old-timers may lament the passing of the "barrooms," in which a hundred or more lumberjacks slept, jammed together in "muzzle-loading" bunks, two bunks high, on poles and straw. Old "blanket men" may claim to yearn for the filthy camp cookhouse, in which cook and cookie slept and through whose floor they poured the daily refuse. They may tell you that they liked to eat out of tin plates with black forks and to reserve their bathing until the spring. But these veterans are in the minority.

You might be surprised to find in a Pacific Northwest lumber camp — an average camp, not exceptional — shower baths, reading rooms, radios, movie houses, tennis courts, spring-and-mattress beds, china dishes, talcum powder, fancy writing paper, fountain pens, soda pop, and rayon underwear, plus electric refrigerators and metropolitan menus, to say nothing of apartment-house plumbing in the modern manner. And women who are heads of families! The old order changeth, even in logging camps.

Which assists us in explaining why, with demand for all lumber at the lowest known level and demand for labor proportionately low, the 4L hangs loyally, harmoniously together. Only two lumbering concerns have dropped out of it. They were advised by their bankers to withdraw. Since their withdrawal they have been pretty well strike-ridden. There has never been a strike inside the 4L. Yet this fraternity of loggers and lumbermen has wrestled with major problems and is still wrestling. But it is not unionized and, since Colonel Disque — he's a General now — left it to reside in New York City, it has never known or needed a dictator.

An emergency experiment to restore an industry has remained a permanent, powerful, and smooth-running mechanism.

General Disque's own explanation of the success of the 4L rests upon certain qualities in men on which he learned to rely in broad and intimate association with them over many years:

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Regardless of their economic station, their race, or creed, the overwhelming majority of men are animated by the same hopes and aspirations and respond similarly to right treatment. The normal, reasonable, prudent thing to do under a given set of circumstances is the thing that at least 95 per cent will do if it is made clear to them.

There should be no battle between employer and employee; competition of other industries producing substitute products defines the real battleground. It is a common interest of employer and employee to keep their own industry and company healthy and successful. All that is needed is that each deserve the confidence of the other, and they will take the natural course of working in harmony for their common welfare. Among the 600 elected representatives of the 130,000 lumberjacks, I never found more than two or three radicals. When the American workman, without coercion or fear, goes about the job of electing someone to represent him, he becomes conservative.

Men and management can dwell in harmony of their own volition. Mutual interests and understanding can keep labor and capital united without political pressure. Conference and arbitration can bring tough lumberjacks and hard-boiled lumbermen to an agreement which keeps down costs while it insures fair wages and adequate prices and production. Capital, looking through labor's eyes, is not selfishly self-centered. It gains the point of view of mutuality.

Except in its adjustments to local conditions and to its peculiar industry, there is little that is extraordinary in the 4L plan. About the only extraordinary thing I see about it is that any one should regard a national application of it impossible. I do not know how the Roosevelt Administration regards this plan. It is quite possible that none of the "brain trust" at Washington has ever heard of it. The 4L has no publicity department. The Pacific Northwest is a long way from the Atlantic seaboard. But, as I suggested when I began this article, if anything unfortunate happens to the National Industrial Recovery Act, through decisions by our Supreme Court or otherwise, the nation need not jump off a cliff onto the rocks of economic destruction. It might find a much softer and more healthy place to light on by following the example of the loyal and common-sensed loggers and lumbermen.

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WHY OUR POPULAR SONGS DON'T LAST

BY KENNETH S. CLARK

Drawings by Arthur Schmalz

When Mark Sullivan wrote his series of books under the general title of *Our Times*, chronicling, respectively, the periods in our history between 1900 and 1925, he very sensibly gave due recognition to the then current popular songs as aptly characterizing the different periods. The basis of this particular discussion is the thought: What songs, if any, can Mr. Sullivan cite as being indices of the popular taste during the present decade? What songs, rather, will we like to recall as having given us more than a momentary pleasure during the last ten years? Echo answers, "What?"

In Mr. Sullivan's treatment of *The Turn of the Century*, his manuscript was studded with the vocal gems of the Gay Nineties: "Daisy Bell," "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," "On the Banks of the Wabash," "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me," "The Sidewalks of New York," "Little Annie Rooney," "The Bowery," "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard," "Down Went McGinty," "Sweet Marie," "After the Ball," and "Where Did You Get That Hat?"

Those songs were as typical of the period as the clothes the people wore; the books they read; and their general views regarding life, liberty, and the pursuit of happines. When, therefore, Mr. Sullivan undertook his third volume — that on *Pre-War America* of 1900–1914 — he gave even more prominence to the people's songs emanating from that period.

Of the great number of songs listed in that book, one might mention the following, which almost any vocally inclined adult of that period and still extant could sing to-day without recourse to the printed copy:

"Good-bye, Dolly Gray," "Blue Bell," "Everybody Works But Father," "Tammany," "In the Good Old Summer Time," "Sweet Adeline," "School Days," "A Perfect Day," "Down Where the Wurzburger Flows," "Under the Bamboo Tree," "Didn't He Ramble?" "Mother Machree," "Moonlight Bay," "Teasing," "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "I've Got Rings on My Fingers," "I Want a Girl," "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet," "Waiting at the Church," "She Is My Daisy," "I Love a Lassie," "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie," "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," "Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and "Oh, You Beautiful Doll."

These are only a few from that period. Let us take the years immediately after 1914, and what do we find? Mark Sullivan takes due notice of the outstanding songs of wartime in his *Over Here*, the most recent book in his series, which covers the period of the so-called

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Great War. He gives recognition to those songs which — many of them — still linger in popularity: "There's a Long, Long Trail," "Pack Up Your Troubles," "Smiles," and many more. We might next keep in mind those songs that were in tune with the inflation of group singing that endured during the post-demobilization years. One thinks, for example, of "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Peggy O'Neil," and many another which still flourishes in community "sings" and at men's luncheon clubs.

The Musical Doldrums

So far we have been gliding smoothly through a sea of singable songs, but from about 1923 on we begin to run aground in the shallow waters of modern influences. Were we at this moment to stand and look back at the songs of the past decade, just which would we nominate for the hall of fame as expressing the spirit of the times? This commentator does not pretend to have examined all the records of these years, but he would like to submit one bit of testimony: Leaders of community singing who like to include in their programs our current popular songs — as possibly destined to be our folk songs of to-morrow — have confessed that they have been able to find but a scattered new song here and there which people knew and liked to sing.

Here is a list of "the ten greatest songs of the last decade," assembled not long ago by the radio critic of the *New York Evening Journal*, as a result of votes cast by 370 orchestra leaders and other radio authorities: "Old Man River," "The Man I Love," "My Blue Heaven," "I'll See You in My Dreams," "Tea for Two," "Lover, Come Back to Me," and "Russian Lullaby." A list for which any thoughtful student of popular songs must have respect, but not necessarily a list of the ten best-liked and most singable songs of that decade.

We might come closer to the songs most typical of this period by quoting a list of the best sellers at Macy's in the autumn of 1932: "Play, Fiddle, Play," "All-American Girl," "Let's Put Out the Lights and Go to Sleep," "Say It Isn't So," "How Deep Is the Ocean?" "Please," "We Just Couldn't Say Good-bye," "Masquerade," and "A Shanty in Old Shanty Town." Musically a very jolly and diversified list, but when we are assembled at a party in 1944, how many songs in that group will kindle within us a reminiscent glow when played upon the piano?

There is even less promise of immortality in a list of best sellers in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles published in *Variety* in mid-August of 1933. Much the same group of songs led the voting in each of the three cities, the favorites being "In the Valley of the Moon," "Sweetheart Darlin'," "Shadow Waltz," "Lazy Bones," "Love Songs of the Nile," and "Adorable." Songs appearing on only one of the three lists were "Hold Me" and "Learn to Croon."

Just which of us will be able to sing any one of those songs around somebody's piano in 1944? A friend to whom this general question was put replied with attempted fair-mindedness: "That's all very well, but we were young when those songs of 1900–1914 were the vogue, and so they seem glamorous to us, but probably the younger generation of to-day will feel, ten years from now, very much the same about some of the tunes they are dancing to to-day." Very well, let them select twenty songs of the past decade which they believe we'll all be glad to hear in 1944. We'll see, if we live long enough, how they stand up against the songs of an earlier yesterday!

This commentator doesn't pretend to have searched a capacious memory for songs of the post-war period which he would recommend to Mr. Sullivan for perpetuation in his next book. He suggests the idea, however, as the basis of a parlor game among the song-loving intelligentsia. One might start the game by naming "Old Man River" from the "big ten" above cited. And after that, what? Not that there aren't any, but you pick them. . . .

"Death" Over the Air

Few songs of the past decade or more will be found to have lodged permanently in our affections, and the reasons for that situation are numerous. First and most obvious, the song hit of to-day is "killed" so soon by the radio that, by the time it has ended its brief hold on the public fancy, we are all glad to say good-bye to it forever.

It has been brought out that, before radio, song hits might endure to a sales life of sixteen

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months, but that at the present time the best of them have only three months to live. Previously, a song was "made" by public performers appearing in the flesh. The vogue of the song, starting in New York, spread gradually as these performers — whether in vaudeville, musical plays, Chautauquas, or what not — penetrated throughout the heart of the "road." The gradual nature of this penetration accounted for much of the prolonging of the song's sale.

Consider the contrast in this radio-ridden age: John Chapman reported in the *New York Daily News* that from the five leading New York City stations the following songs had these repetitions on the air on one Sunday: "Blue Prelude," six times; "Happy as the Day Is Long," five times; "Hold Me," five times; "I Cover the Waterfront," seven; "Isn't It Heavenly?" six; "Gold Diggers' Song," six; "Cabin in the Pines," five; and fifteen or twenty others, four times. You don't wish to hear any of them again? How strange!

The sale of a song "smash" to-day is pitiful as compared with that of one of the leaders ten years ago. As the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers figures it out, the average total sale of an outstanding song hit before the radio and prior to 1925 was 1,156,134 copies, whereas after radio and since 1931 the best average reached by similarly acknowledged song hits has been 229,866 copies. Even as late as 1927, says the Society, "Ramona" sold 1,750,000 copies of sheet music. Just watch the decline, however, since then: The Maine "Stein Song" in 1931 reached a reputed sale of 900,000 copies; "Good Night, Sweetheart" followed shortly after with a mark of about 800,000; "In a Shanty in Old Shanty Town," a bit later, was several notches below that, and so it goes. The American Society, in a bulletin of September 5, 1933, lamented the fact that "In the Valley of the Moon," which formerly would have passed the million mark, reached only 200,000 in the three months of its heyday, while "Stormy Weather" hit only 180,000 in the same period. That "sensation" was quickly ousted by "Lazy Bones," and the latter received the same treatment, in turn, from "The Last Round-Up" and "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf," which also suffered from too much kindness.

Pianos, Beer, and Rhythm

Next to radio and growing out of it, our present passivity with regard to performing music is possibly the greatest reason why few songs of to-day will linger in our affections ten years hence. Few of us sing or play music any more — we let George (or Rudy or Bing) sing it for us. As for the playing, popular songs were originally written to be sung to piano accompaniment. But who has a piano to-day? In the period of seven years ending in 1931, the sale of pianos in this country dropped from $93,670,000 to $12,000,000 *per annum*, and what must they be to-day! Publishers of popular songs sought to adjust themselves to this changing condition by inserting in their sheet music canny diagrams for ukulele, guitar, or tenor banjo — all of them handy helps to music-making. The experiment, however, has not been a great success in so far as encouraging the singing of the songs is concerned.

Another deterrent to singing since the demobilization period has been the throat-parching presence of prohibition. Doubtless Irving Berlin was right when he said: "A song-writer has to reflect the social expression of his time. The return to beer will have a tremendous influence sociologically, and this influence will be manifested in popular music by a return to the singable song. Our public will again become singers. Now they are definitely listeners."

Mr. Berlin's prophecy as to the comeback of the singable song leads us to another of the reasons why many of the songs from the last decade or more will lie forgotten in the Cain's Storehouse of time. Too many of those songs are entirely too intricate. The average person — the little Nellie Green of Main Street, who is the chief buyer of popular music — can neither play nor sing them. In the old days of Tin Pan Alley many of the successful song-writers were merely "two-finger boys" at the piano. They knew — not from "book larnin'" but

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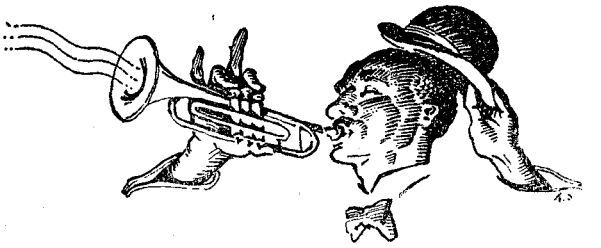
from instinct — that there were three fundamental chords (that musicians call the tonic, dominant, and sub-dominant) which would safely carry the accompaniment for most of their tunes, but of the niceties of harmonization and modulation they were blissfully ignorant. That is one reason why their songs were singable. Indeed, that same quality marks almost every one of the few songs that have been big sellers during recent years — "Good Night, Sweetheart," the Maine "Stein Song," "Shanty Town," and what have you? The big seller is generally a good "gang" song, which means that it is singable, or in other words, simple.

During the last two seasons there has been an occasional harking back to simplicity, not through design or in recognition of a trend in public taste, but rather as one of Tin Pan Alley's frequent gestures in imitation of a current hit — this time, of one or two songs of a modern "Silver Threads Among the Gold" type.

Those simple songs, however, have been in a minority among the products of the song shops in the last five years. The trouble is that too many of the lads who now write songs really know something about music — orchestra leaders, jazz pianists, and so on. They know what modulation means and are expert in broken rhythms. The result is a "Body and Soul," with which little Nellie Green would have a terrible time, and a "Night and Day," which is nothing to strum by ear on your ukulele. Even in this season we have a "Stormy Weather," which is rather fluid and formless.

The Lyric Genius

We cannot, however, solely blame the music of the modern popular songs for their slight hold upon our affections — their texts are perhaps even more at fault. In the old days, songs were written to be sung by pulsating, living beings who appeared (thank God!) in person. When we reflect that our favorites of those days were popularized by such flesh-and-blood live-wires as Blanche Ring, Bayes and Norworth, Marie Cahill, Emma Carus, Harry Lauder, Vesta Victoria, and so on and on, small wonder that the songs they inspired were vital and real. And what a range of subjects: "Come, Take a Trip in My Airship," "On the Old Fall River Line," "On a Sunday Afternoon," "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee," "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" — all the varied joys of living distilled into jolly songs.



Nowadays, songs are "made" chiefly by radio orchestras and crooners. As a result, the subject is all too often ultra-sentimental, the almost unvarying theme being love — particularly the unrequited or unsatisfied love of the "torch" song. Who is going to take any pleasure in singing such songs ten years from now! Oh, the dubious taste of some of them, the lack of reticence in their lovers, and the want of a decent self-pride! One thinks, for example, of the one in which the sweetheart sang: "So ashamed! How could I be so mean to you? So ashamed! I made you cry." Then there are the sleekly pornographic songs which irked Ring Lardner so annoyingly during the last year of his life — songs which, as Sigmund Spaeth pointed out, tell the "facts of life," to a lush fox-trot or waltz accompaniment.

Among these latter we find the chaste "All of Me" and the sinuous "Hold Your Man," in which Jean Harlow advised the girls in her best read-between-the-lines manner. The prize in this class, however, is the Pirandello-esque "As You Desire Me," which proved to be so torrid that the circumspect radio compelled the preparation of a substitute version for such lines as:

> As you desire me, so shall I come to you;
> Howe'er you want me, so shall I be.

How much more decent, really, the wholesome vulgarity of the lyric salutations to the "King of England," "Cristofo Columbo," *et al.*, which are supposed to be fit only for stag parties.

As for bad taste, undoubtedly the palm goes to a song of this season which the authors had the effrontery to base upon Christ's words to his disciples in John 15: 13: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." With characteristic reverence, the Broadway writers entitled their song

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"No Greater Love" and made it an epic of profane love, with such noble lines as "No truer lips than mine have whispered, 'I love you'."

Only a fraction of to-day's song lyrics exhibit such frailties, but, at best, they lag behind the music in many ways. For example, despite the joshing that the song-writers received in "June Moon," as to their dependence upon the rhyme implicit in that title, each season brings out two or three moon songs, distinguishable only by their particular geographical settings.

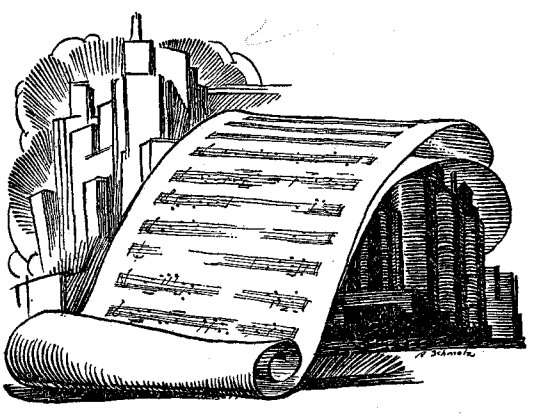
Sight Versus Sound

This is not to say that there are not, each year, a number of delightful popular songs. On the contrary, many of them are skilfully written, especially as to the music. In fact, it must be generally agreed that our light music is to-day the best in the world. Europe has been telling us as much for more than a decade by borrowing our best tunes for her theatricals and her social life. No, it must be some other reason which prevents to-day's songs from clinging more lastingly — if at all — to our affections. The crux of the matter, more so than all the foregoing considerations, is probably something like this:

In the old days we experienced a very active relation to the popular songs of the hour. At the present time, it is an ultra-passive one. It is not merely that we learned the songs chiefly from hearing them sung by live humans on the stage — whether it was at a Ziegfeld revue or a cheap vaudeville. In addition, the publishers saw to it that their "plug" songs followed us throughout our leisure hours — in a nickelodeon, where we warbled them as "illustrated songs"; at a celebration of the Terrence O'Donahue Club of the Fourth Ward, where song pluggers "demonstrated" the new tunes and passed around word slips so that the boys and girls might learn them: in short, at every social gathering place where human beings congregated. Even when we only *listened* to a song in a Broadway show, it remained as a very active element in our memories, as it brought back recollections of the personality of the singer, of the person whom we were with, the happy incidents of the evening, and what not.

Now we see again instances of that personal identification with the circumstances surrounding the first hearing of a song, for many of to-day's leading song hits were made famous by their presentation in the again-in-fashion musical movies, in which even the two-dimensional personality of the singer leaves something warm and glowing in the recollection of the listener. As for the one-dimensional projection of songs on the air, many of them half-heard while we are doing something else, little wonder that they have no real contact with our lives. That this is true, and that the present discussion represents not merely the grouching of an old fogy, let us try an experiment:

Take any vocally inclined group of persons who were adults before the war and pit them against a similar group of the present generation. Let each group sing, without recourse to the printed music, ten songs chosen by it from the hits of its period, and see which singing exhibits more real *joie de vivre*. That is, if the younger generation *knows* ten songs of this period!



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THE CALL OF THE OLD HOME TOWN

BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

DURING THE past few years much has been said and written about decentralizing industry and urban populations. Huge manufacturing plants were to be broken up into small units and removed from congested industrial centers to rural districts, where uprooted city workers would be allotted land for subsistence gardens to be cultivated in slack seasons. Part-time or seasonal employment would be offered to farmers and members of their families. Foundations and philanthropic societies have given grave consideration to plans for establishing groups of city unemployed on small farms where they might raise food at least for their own consumption. Utopia on its way!

All these projects, however, involve the expenditure of millions in private and public funds and the setting up of practically a new economic and industrial order — an appallingly slow process for unemployed men and women whose savings are at low ebb.

So it happens that thousands of native Americans, blessed with individualism, initiative, and a little money are trekking from cities to towns and from towns to farms in quest of the simpler, thriftier life led by their ancestors. The idea seems to appeal particularly to city dwellers of the white-collar class, to middle-aged men who five or ten years ago retired from business expecting to live off the income from investments, and to families who have become panic-stricken while watching their reserve funds melt into the pockets of landlords and shopkeepers.

Here, in the vernacular of the social worker, are a few interesting and typical cases.

II

NUMBER ONE is a physician in his thirties, who graduated from the University of Wisconsin, took his medical training, and served as interne in New York. Having specialized in pediatrics, he opened his office in a district occupied largely by families of what may be termed the upper stratum of white-collar workers. He married a charming girl, joined the community church and the neighborhood business men's club, and organized the type of social campaign which in any small city would have helped to build up a nice practice. But New York is different. Apartment-house dwellers may live close together, but they rarely have common social interests.

The depression which hit the white-collar class hard and sent its sick scurrying to clinics caught Dr. T—— still unestablished, with a small and variable office practice.

In this crisis he was called to his old home in Wisconsin by the illness of his mother. Returning to New York, he closed his office, packed up his diploma and his household goods, and, tucking his wife into his sedan, drove off to Wisconsin to stay.

Let him tell what happened to him in Wisconsin:

"What has given me courage is the attitude of the folks here at home, whom I had scarcely seen for more than ten years. In New York I had been just one of thousands of young doctors trying to make a place for myself. When there was an emergency in a home where I was called as the nearest doctor in the neighborhood, the first request from the family was that I call in a specialist with a big name.

"In my home town of M——, with some 20,000 population, I am somebody. I spring from a pioneer family in this section. I was born and raised in one of the nicest old houses in town. But, more important, my hospital training and my brief experience in New York City give me prestige here. I saw immediately on my return that both the physicians and patients felt that I was bringing back home the

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newest ideas in medicine and surgery, due to my contacts with big men in metropolitan medical circles. This attitude has given me confidence that I could not have gained in many years of practice in New York City.

"As to finances: In New York I had married and had opened my office on the strength of a bequest from my maternal grandfather — a good physician in his day. I thought the income of that bequest would tide me over until I became established. During our last year in New York I had to draw steadily on the principal. The cash income from my office practice barely set our table. Outside calls, especially in cases of long illness, are rarely paid in cash. The city doctor sends out bills monthly but often collects annually. During the depression, more than one doctor in New York City has been fortunate if he collected fifteen or twenty per cent of his house practice.

"The rent on my office and apartment on the upper West Side of New York was $150 a month. Add to that garage rent, gas, a nurse for my office hours (without whom a New York doctor cannot make the necessary appearance or 'front'), and you can see how fast I was going into the hole. Here in M—— I am paying $50 a month on a house which I picked up at a bargain. With taxes, heating, and other maintenance charges, shelter costs less than $75 a month, or half of what I was paying in New York.

"Some of the banks in this vicinity are still closed, and cash is scarce, but we have a barter system that works. I trade medical services with local shopkeepers for staples and with the farmers for milk, butter, eggs, chickens, vegetables, and fruit. It's old-fashioned, almost primitive, but it is better than being crushed by high rents and the cost of keeping up appearances in New York!"

III

Case Number Two involved two New York men who are prominent in advertising circles; their sister, who was living in Detroit; her unemployed husband; and their three children. For more than two years the New Yorkers had sent this sister a monthly check for $100. While in Detroit on business during the spring of 1932, the elder man suggested that his sister's husband give up his fruitless search for work in the city and move to the town some seventy miles away where she and her two brothers had been born and educated. Their old home was renting for $18 a month, while the sister and her husband were paying $55 a month for their apartment in Detroit. The husband, welcoming any opportunity to leave workless Detroit, fell in with the plan.

Back in the quiet home town, their first act was to plant a subsistence garden on the half acre of ground at the back of the house. Here they raised a year's supply of potatoes and other vegetables which could be stored in cellars or canned for winter use. Fruit trees and berry bushes yielded further food supplies. The husband's next job was to build a chicken run. The two brothers in the East encouraged these improvements with cash. Soon the house was in excellent repair and freshly painted.

The psychological effect of these activities was remarkable. Both husband and wife began to regain confidence in each other and in their future. In Detroit the man had thought of doing just one thing — handling one machine in one corner of an automobile factory. In the town to which they had moved he saw that his mechanical ability might secure employment in odd jobs. His first small contract was for much-needed repairs in a department store, for which he accepted payment in merchandise. Gradually he made a name as a general repair man. Eventually he fell in with an elderly man who was losing money on a filling station and automobile repair shop, both of which were run-down and forlorn-looking. He offered to work in the shop on a commission basis and on dull days to repair the property, if the owner would supply him with building materials and paint. While the job paid very little cash, he thought it held possibilities. It was a hundred-to-one shot, but he won.

His experience in the Detroit automobile factory proved valuable. He experimented with old motor cars, including his own, until he became expert, and his reputation in the town and surrounding farm district grew. He cleaned up the garage property, rebuilt the repair shop, and induced the proprietor to stock it with up-to-date automobile accessories. To-day the man who fled unemployment in the big city has an interest in a small but going concern. Naturally, the family income is still small, but

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the two brothers in New York consider the experiment a great success and are glad to send $25 a month to their sister.

As for the children, they receive more individual attention than they could possibly have in an overcrowded city school, so they are making better progress. In the congested section of Detroit where this family lived, the children had no playground except the city streets. In their new home, however, they have not only ample play space but directed activities in the form of chores and gardening, in all of which they can follow in their father's footsteps, developing initiative and character.

IV

CASE NUMBER Three takes us to a farm. In March, 1932, a friend wrote to me from a small city in southern Illinois:

"Well, we're going back to Deep Meadow Farm. We dropped $5,000 in that West Side real-estate deal and $15,000 in the axe-handle factory. Len hasn't had anything to do for eighteen months. No more city life or investments for us! We'll have to live simply, but millions of other Americans must do the same if we're to pull out of this depression. I thank God we did not sell Deep Meadow."

When I went West last summer I dropped off to see my friend, rather dreading the changes which I might find in her family life. I knew that the young people had enjoyed greatly their life in the city, with its lectures, its concerts, its movies, its small country club, and its round of social gaieties. They would be finding the country dull and depressing.

If there were regrets, the entire family was stifling them with great success. The eldest son had spent the preceding winter in an agricultural college on the Pacific Coast. The two older girls had attended the high school in the nearest town, driving back and forth daily in the small sedan which, in the city, had been used solely for pleasure. The two younger children had gone to the excellent consolidated school near their home, walking when the weather permitted, riding in the family car when their father thought it necessary. The education of these five children had proceeded without a break, and, possibly because of their farming forebears, they had fitted nicely into the life of a rural community. Said the mother:

"In winter their social life centers around the school. When I was a girl schoolhouses were closed except during teaching hours, and they were extremely unattractive. To-day our schools are really community centers, where parents, teachers, and children gather for recreation.

"Len and I realize that we haven't cleared a dollar since we came back to the farm, but neither have we drawn on our reserve funds as we did in the city. The farm supplies a simple living, and we feel that we must live as simply as our grandfathers did, but of course not as primitively. Good roads and automobiles, electricity and telephones, the radio and motion pictures are now available to farmers in all well-settled districts. This makes a great deal of difference, especially to the children. So far as Len and I are concerned, we have had our fling and we're glad to stand with our feet on the land which our fathers turned over for us."

V

CASE FOUR is the most conclusive and to me the most interesting, because it presents what a supposedly confirmed city dweller describes as a family adventure in rural life by four adults whose combined income dropped suddenly from $10,000 a year to zero. And I can vouch for the facts, because it was my good fortune to participate in certain chapters of their adventure.

The Jones family (and Jones is as good a name as any when a man wishes to preserve his anonymity) moved straight from a New York steam-heated apartment equipped with all modern conveniences to what is popularly known as an abandoned, worked-out farm in a New England state more famous for its quarries than its crops.

In 1903, when Mr. Jones left the farm of his fathers for the state university, he registered a secret vow that he would never plow another field nor kill another potato bug, and he never did — until the spring of 1931. Meantime he had risen steadily in New York financial circles.

When deflation struck Wall Street in November, 1929, he was secretary of a reputable corporation dealing in South American oil properties, and the company expected to weather the storm.

His personal affairs were in good shape.

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Stocks and bonds which he had bought to provide against his day of retirement seemed safe and sound. He had a comfortable balance in the bank and was carrying a normal amount of life insurance.

His family consisted of a wife and two children — Paul and Molly. The boy had graduated from a first-class institute of technology, Molly from a training school for librarians. Both were ready and eager to be self-supporting.

A few words will tell what happened to the Jones family. The bottom dropped out of the oil business. Mr. Jones' company liquidated while it could. For one year he and his two well-educated children marched with the noble army of job hunters. Mrs. Jones revised the family budget, drawing as lightly as possible on the precious cash reserve, but rent had to be paid, food supplied, shoes renewed.

In this crisis Jones received word that the college professor who had rented the old family farm for five summers was going abroad and would not occupy the place that year. Mr. Jones suggested that his family move out to the farm and remain until the depression passed. In consideration of the low rent paid, the professor and his wife had kept the place in repair and made a few improvements. Jones knew that good material had gone into the house, built a hundred or more years ago, and he felt sure it could be made weatherproof, even for winter use. At any rate, the move would eliminate the item of rent and seemed worth trying.

That was in March, 1931. The Jones family has been on the farm ever since. Mr. Jones tells why in his own way:

"Our experiences fell into two groups — economic and social. We will start with finances. The man who is stone-broke and has no investments on which to raise cash should stay away from the farm. He must pay cash for such fixed charges as taxes; interest on the mortgage and insurance premiums; automobile license, gas, tires, and repairs; and for certain food staples like sugar, coffee, tea, cereals, and baking powder — at least until hens begin to lay, cows to give milk, and vegetables to ripen.

"I figured that insurance premiums, including the life policies I was carrying, would amount to $350 *per annum*. Taxes would be $32, the automobile license $30. Fortunately, there was no mortgage on the place.

"I set aside $500 of our savings for moving, settling, and stocking up. There was woodland enough to supply us with fuel; hay land to feed stock if we wanted to raise any, or we could sell the hay crop uncut; an apple orchard which might repay replanting and spraying; a large berry patch planted by our garden-loving tenants, including strawberries, currants, raspberries, and blackberries, to say nothing of huckleberries growing wild on the hill above the house; maple trees which would provide a good run of syrup. We could raise practically everything we needed to set our tables: calves, hogs, chickens, and turkeys for meat; vegetables and fruit; butter and maple syrup.

"For immediate cash returns, road work offered the best prospect for Paul and me. The automobile has created year-round work for farmers on state and county highways, and road work isn't nearly as hard as it sounds. Haying isn't so easy, but both Paul and I do quite a bit of it. Road work pays $2.50 a day, haying $12.50 a week.

"That first year Paul made nearly $250 on road work, and close to $50 haying. My income was considerably less than $150 all told. Next year we both did better, and Molly cleared a little money on a tea garden.

"To-day our family finances stand something like this: In a trifle over two years we have tapped the savings account three times. Total withdrawals, including the initial investment of $500, amount to $955. Against this you can figure that if we had remained in New York, our minimum expenditure for rent alone would have been $1,200 in the two years. Allowing $15 a week to feed four adults, our food bills for the same period would have run into $1,560, so we are exactly $1,605 to the good. Neither Molly nor Paul has a steady job with a regular income, but, as near as we can find out, neither have any of their classmates!

"Now for the social or spiritual phases of this new farm life as we have found them. We anticipated a pretty dull existence, and not a little nostalgia for the big city and our friends back there. But rural life in New England has changed tremendously. It has been urbanized by electricity, which lights the farmhouse and breaks up its intense loneliness with the telephone and the radio.

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"On our village green we have a community house which serves for holiday celebrations, suppers, gatherings of Rotarians and clubwomen, a parent-teacher association, and a relief society. Every Saturday night there is a community dance. Next year we hope to have it fitted up for motion pictures. Just now the nearest movie house is fourteen miles away, but what is that distance in a good car? And in winter the radio brings us opera from the Metropolitan, symphonies from Carnegie Hall.

"Back of the community house the young people have laid out a tennis court, and this summer there has been some roller skating on our fine state highway. We have quite a few backgammon fans, and almost any evening you can sit in a good bridge game. There is a fair bathing beach at the lake seven miles south of us, and cars filled with young people in bathing attire burn up the miles just like city folks! Incidentally, they have a swell tan the year round!

"The life of the farm girl and boy is still hard, but they have no illusions about town and city life. They know by word of mouth or actual experience that there lurk hunger and loneliness, low wages and work under unspeakable conditions. My Molly would rather beat up biscuits for tourists in her own kitchen than run an elevator in a New York department store, as some of her college friends have had to do. And Paul prefers cutting wood on our lot or hay on our own meadow land to joining up with a citizens' reforestation corps, sleeping on an army cot, and eating food that a farmer's wife would scorn to serve her family.

"Paul has his eye on a state engineering job, and, as he knows his profession, loves the state in which his ancestors lived, and has a rare gift for making friends, eventually he will find what he wants here.

"Molly, more than the rest of us, is thrusting the very roots of her life into this state and this farm. Bruised by the rebuffs of the city in which she was born and educated, terrified by the prospects faced not only by herself but by all the young people who graduated with her, she has laid herself figuratively on the bosom of the New England which nourished her ancestors and from it she is drawing strength and hope. Molly has always been social-minded. Whatever she may decide to do, her occupation will be related directly to life in this state or community.

"As for me, I am convinced that in my advancing years I can be happier on my own land than anywhere else. There's something fine about walking along fields that you own, about sleeping at night in a house that no man can take from you so long as you pay your taxes. And there never was a time when farmers could get so much out of farming beside a bare living, shelter, food, and clothing.

"Farming offers nothing to those families who even in times of prosperity have had to call on public or private charity for help. But it offers much to those who, with no prospect of work in sight, are drawing on their savings or selling stocks and bonds at a heavy loss to pay city rents and who are beginning to wonder how long their resources will stand the strain. It may not pay big profits, but neither will any other kind of business for the next few years, if ever. Any industrious man possessed of ordinary intelligence, business experience, and a thousand dollars or two standing between him and the bread line can attain the same independence and sense of security that I am enjoying."

In each of these four attempts to escape the bondage of city life, mass employment, and mass thinking, individual character and initiative have pointed the way. There has been no leaning on others, no concerted or group action. Each case represents a triumph for individualism.

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OZELLA

A Sketch

BY FELIX NOLAND

Scissor-cuts by Fred A. Mayer

On Monday mornings, Ozella, our cook was up betimes. By seven o'clock she had put on the grits for breakfast, mixed up her batter cakes, and set the table. These preliminaries over, she seized her broom and went out to sweep the front porch.

The sleeping household was shortly roused by her strident voice. "Good mawnin'! How is you to-day? Sho is a hot day fer washin', ain't it? Well, good-day."

For, like a procession, the washwomen were beginning to pass by. Most of them bore enormous sheet-covered bundles on top of their heads. Some of the bundles were surmounted by black straw hats, pinned to the washing with long hat pins. They were an army of patient-faced black women, with no thought of rancor in their hearts. It was too much for the meddlesome Ozella.

"Good-day," she called to them goadingly, her large body poised over the broom, beady eyes sharp in her brown face, "I see you is out early wid de birds."

A tall, bony figure swung its top-heavy head in her direction. "Good mawnin', ma'am," a voice answered, "Gwine be a fine day, ain't it?"

"Whut you talkin' 'bout fine, woman?" Ozella scoffed. "Hit's a wonder you cain see how red dat sun riz. Hit's too hot fer washin'."

"No hotter den fer cookin'," the figure asserted flatly. "Gimme a wash tub any time to a cook stove."

Slightly dashed, Ozella resumed her sweeping, moving the broom up and down in a manner that was more rhythmical than effective. Presently the broom came to a sudden halt. "Who dat, you Miz Johnson?"

"Why, good mawnin', Sister Clarke! You wukkin' heah now?"

"Yes'm, I been heah since Chris'mas time. I see you washin' again. Dat sho is a big bundle you got."

Mrs. Johnson's voice grew slightly flat. "Hit sho is a big washin'," she agreed slowly.

"How much you git fer a washin' like dat?"

"Well," said Mrs. Johnson uneasily, "I been gettin' a dollah an' a half."

Ozella was astounded. "A dollah an' a half!" she yelled. "Dat all you gits fer a washin' size er dat? You sho is a fool 'oman."

"Dis de las' time," her victim agreed. "After dis week, hit's two dollah or I puts hit down."

"Hit's time you got some sense," Ozella called after her triumphantly.

The swishing of the broom commenced again. This time Ozella was moved to song, and her clear voice rang out:

> Deh's fire in de eas' an' fire in de wes',
> Sen' dem angels down,
> An' fire among de Methodis',
> Oh, sen' dem angels down.

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"Hyddy, Miz Clarke! I sho am s'prized ter see you wukkin' heah. How long you been heah, anyway?"

Ozella laid the broom to rest against the banister. "Lawd sweet Jesus, Miz Jones, you gimme a scare. I ain't seen you comin' no more'n a jack rabbit."

"No wonder you ain't see me," Mrs. Jones laughed. "You wukkin' so hard you cain heah me comin'."

"Who me?" Ozella called loudly. "Woman, dat strike me funny. Dis heah de easies' place in town. Ain't no mo' wuk den I pleases ter do. Dis de Fewells' house."

"Oh yeah, I knows whose house hit is — don't make no mistake 'bout dat," said her visitor in no uncertain terms. "I wukked heah myse'f not so long back."

"Who you? Is dat a fac'?"

"Yes, ma'am! I knows dat place. How you keeps any fat on you, Miz Clarke? Dey done dey bes' ter wuk me to deaf."

Ozella gave astonished pause. "Who, Miz Fewell? Delia Jones, you is mixed up in yo' places. Dis place, I don' do nothin' but de cookin'. I don' do no cleanin' an' I has de say-so 'bout which we gwine eat, lemme tell you." She hesitated a moment. "I gits eight a week, too," she shot out boldly.

"Eight!" Mrs. Jones was knocked breathless. "Is dat a fac'!"

Ozella's spirits rose. "Eight is whut I said. I gits my own price an' my own way, lemme tell you!"

"Unh, unh! Eight is a heap er monies."

"Dey git dey own breaffus too, when I does somepn special like dis sweepin'."

"You don' say." Mrs. Jones' voice had lowered respectfully.

"Yes ma'am, I does say. I ain't no nigger like mos'."

Mrs. Jones picked up her bundle. "I always is said you is a bright 'oman, Ozella, color an' all," she agreed meekly.

"When I says — "

"Ozella!"

Ozella's beady eyes grew round. "Yes'm?"

"Will you please stop that loud talk and tend to your breakfast? Something's burning!"

She and Mrs. Jones exchanged embarrassed glances. "Yes, ma'am, Miz Fewell, I'm is!"

Without a word she hurried inside, shifted the scorched grits from one pot to another, reducing it to the consistency of milk by the addition of several cups of cold water. In five minutes' time she was outside again, her swelling voice lifted in the ear-splitting melody:

Deh's fire in de eas' an' fire in de wes',
Sen' dem angels down,
An' fire among de Methodis',
Oh, sen' dem angels down.

She paused before the second verse, and her

eyes lit on an approaching figure and brightened. "Good-day," she called, narrowing her mouth in a grim line. "Is dat you, Paulina?"

A wizened black woman slowly turned her head toward the porch. "Hyddy, Sister Clarke!"

"I see you is still washin' fer a livin'."

"Yes'm," the woman sighed, "I'd as soon do one thing as de nex'!"

Ozella snorted. "You sho lit on somepn hard. Da's de bigges' washin' I seen de whole mawnin'."

Paulina's eyes shifted. "I'm fixin' ter quit washin' no way," she said slowly. "I ruther cook den wash."

Ozella gave her a suspicious look. "Hit's time you got some sense, 'oman! I don' do hardly no cookin', an' I gits paid fer it jes de same! Nine dollahs a week!" she boasted, lifting her broom.

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THE SKIN GAME

About the Value of Cosmetics

BY RAGNA B. ESKIL

I HAVE two friends who, whenever the subject of cosmetics comes up, get into an argument. It burdens one that the women of this country spend nearly two billion a year on her pet aversion. "Two billion a year!" she exclaims.

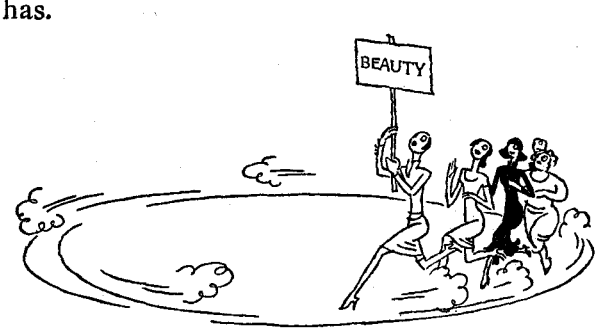
"What of it?" says the other.

And then they are at it. I wonder if the subject of cosmetics hasn't divided women for thousands of years. Perhaps not in savage or half-civilized times, when paint and oil were ceremonial and therefore tribally compulsory, but among civilized people where ointment was part of the trade of the professional beauty, and so to be publicly decried, though perhaps secretly envied, by women whom personal inclination or the vigilance of fathers or husbands had kept virtuous.

Times, however, have changed. The woman who to-day does not use cosmetics is, for the first time in the history of the world, in the minority. She it is who is now on the defensive. The deserters from her ranks have come fast. Before the war women spent only one fifth of the sum they now spend on beautifying agents. Fashion undoubtedly is partly responsible. Rouge and lipstick were made respectable, and permanents and bobbed hair came into being. And prosperity (before the Break) made it easily possible for every woman to indulge. There was none too poor. Factory workers, maids, waitresses, basement store clerks, teachers, professional and business women, women of wealth all invested in artificial beauty aids.

But it is something more than vanity these times that is making women keep on spending such huge sums in beauty shops. If it were only vanity, then the chances are that the total spent in 1931 would be much less than the two billion spent in 1930, and the sum in 1932 would be much less than in 1931. But there has been no great drop. The cosmetic industry of all the great industries is the one that has most nearly held its own. In 1929 we spent $1,560,000,000 on movies; now many of the movie concerns are missing dividends. The automobile industry decreased from 3,355,986 cars sold in 1930 to 2,389,738 cars in 1931, with a rise in sales now first apparent. Even our *per capita* consumption of sugar has dropped from 108 pounds in 1929 to 93 pounds in 1932. The women of this country can curtail their wants when they need to.

And if it were only vanity, then it would be the young women who spent most on beauty aids. But most young women, except those that have acne, usually do their own beautifying; powder and lipstick are their principal investments, and both are comparatively inexpensive. No, the chief props of the beauty business are the middle-aged and the older women. The appearance of youth has become an economic and social necessity. A woman who feels she is aging and doesn't dare show it, because she is fearful of losing either her job or her husband or her standing with her friends or her own morale, is the best customer the beauty shop has.



SKIN-DEEP — BUT IMPORTANT

WHAT MAKES a woman show age more quickly than anything else? It's not her hair, even if it's graying. It's the condition of her skin. So it's not surprising that it's the skin that gets the major share of the beauty ex-

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penditure. Two or three years ago an official of a cosmetologists' association gained a good deal of journalistic attention by making the public statement that a woman should spend at least $307 a year on her beauty treatments. The itemized list credited $77 of that sum to the needs of the hair; $19.50 to manicures; $39 to lipsticks, rouge, and eyebrow plucks and dyes; and the balance, $171.50, much more than half, to the care of the skin. That $171.50 allowed for one facial a week at $2.50 each; four jars each of cleansing cream, tissue cream, and astringent; three jars each of skin food and muscle oil; and three boxes of face powder. It was a moderate statement of the amount a woman who is fearful of showing her age spent at that time, and it is just as moderate to-day. The woman who does not have to watch pennies often runs up a bill of several hundred a month at her beauty shop, and it is she who pays from $25 to $200 a small jar for imported special creams that are supposed to have magic powers of rejuvenation. And it is she who has her face lifted again and again at $1,000 per lift.

Here are some other figures. In one year American women put on their skins 52,500 tons of cleansing cream, 26,250 tons of skin lotion, 19,109 tons of complexion soap, 17,500 tons of nourishing cream, and 2,375 tons of rouge.

The purpose of this article is not to ask whether women should or should not spend around two billion a year on beauty. But it is to ask: Are they getting two billion dollars' worth? Or rather: Are they getting the worth of that part of the two billion that they are spending on their skins?

We have no quarrel with the prices the beauty shops charge. No manufacturer has a monopoly on face creams, and there are some 40,000 beauty shops, so the law of supply and demand should have every chance of applying.

But all the cosmetic companies — I'll qualify that to "most" cosmetic companies, since I don't want to get into any libel suits — claim that their creams smooth out wrinkles, rejuvenate the skin, and all that. I won't take space to quote. Simply read any past or current advertisement to learn their hopeful claims. And the question comes: Do they make good in their claims? Do all these creams and astringents and skin foods and facial treatments really benefit the skin?

The obvious and sorrowful answer is, "No." We can use our own eyes to prove it. You have but to look at the skin of the woman who spends hours and dollars on her complexion and at the skin of a woman of the same age who doesn't apply anything but soap and water, to see that the skin of the first is actually no better than the skin of the second. You must of course be fair: compare wrinkled skin with wrinkled skin; pouchy skin with pouchy skin; large-pored skin with large-pored skin. If anything, the beauty-parlor skin will have, in addition to its other deficiencies, a more "worked" look.

The dermatologists back up the proof of our eyes with the statement that while any fat lubricates the surface of a dry skin and so softens it and makes it more supple, there is no fat that feeds the skin. According to Dr. William Allen Pusey, a leading dermatologist, in his *Care of the Skin and Hair:*

> There is practically no absorption of fats which are simply placed in contact with the skin, but with friction fats may be made to penetrate the skin through the sebaceous glands. This fact is made use of in the administration of certain medicines, but it is of no significance in connection with the vain attempts to fill out the skin by rubbing fats into it. Such fat when rubbed in does not take its place beside the skin fat and remain there, but is absorbed by the blood and passes off to be assimilated by the proper organs, just as though it had been eaten and passed into the blood from the intestines.

The same dermatologist says that massage, if long continued, does more harm than good, as it tends to macerate the fat under the skin. Steaming and clay packing are of no benefit, either. The skin survives such treatment, says Dr. Pusey, simply because it is a very tolerant tissue; while another skin expert, Dr. Charles F. Pabst, says, "The American woman treats her skin as if it were a door mat." Not a doctor has anything good to say for skin lifting or skin peeling.

There is no gainsaying that a woman gets a relaxed look to her skin after a beauty treatment. Women are not fools that they will spend billions on nothing. But the dermatologists and our own eyes tell us the effect is simply transitory. In fact the dermatologists say that the beautifying is more in the mental attitude

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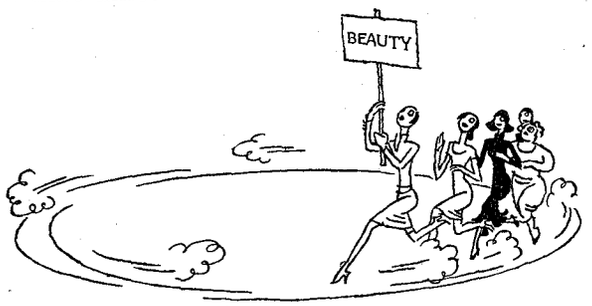
of the patient than in the physiological change. The woman goes with the belief that the treatment will make her look less tired; the passing of hands over the face is soothing to taut nerves; there is skillful application of powder and rouge. (By the way, the dermatologists have nothing against powder and rouge, providing they meet the requirements of the Food and Drug Act.) The hair is fashionably arranged. Net result: The woman comes out with the conviction that she can't look any better than she does. And with that conviction, she has a happy social evening or the courage to hold her own in a difficult business meeting. That of course is a whole lot. Those few hours of morale are worth the price, she figures.

But next morning: sagged skin again; wrinkles. The whole costly job to be done over for another occasion.

Now the fundamental question: Might it not be possible for modern science to discover some way by which real physiological help can be given to the skin? So that the complexions of middle-aged and older persons can be kept firm and toned and smooth? Science is giving us an increasingly longer span of life. Can't science keep our faces younger for a longer part of that time?



Science Analyzes Cleopatra

I have a notion that the glamorous tales of Helen of Troy and Cleopatra have had a most deterrent effect upon the investigative instincts of cosmetologists. Women have been told down through the ages that these storied ladies had most ravishing beauty, and so women down through the ages have believed in their hearts that if they could only get the ointments that the Hellenic Helen and the Nile River Cleopatra enjoyed, they too could cause a man to hide in a horse or could hold high their heads down the gala streets of Rome.

Apothecarians of all times have had their guarded cosmetic recipes, each claiming to be the magic formula women desired. Then along came our modern archæologists who uncovered ancient jars of ointment still intact, and when the chemists analyzed their contents, they discovered these glamorous lotions were pretty much the same as our cosmetic manufacturers are turning out by the ton to-day.

Every one said, "How marvelous! Just think, we're using the same creams that Helen and Cleo did." And the advertising agencies clamorously blared that fact to the housetops.

No one thought to ask: "Is it not possible that the creams and lotions found in the ruins of Kish and Carthage and Pompeii are outdated? Is it not possible that in the light of the medical knowledge and research facilities we have to-day we may discover some process of treating the skin that would be really beneficial?

It took, of course, centuries for the human race to discover even rudimentary facts about the human anatomy. Hippocrates, living in 400 B.C., and Galen, living in the second century A.D., were shining gods among the doctors for hundreds and hundreds of years. None presumed to question their precepts. And Galen had never performed a human dissection. His knowledge of anatomy had been gained chiefly from his studies of the cadavers of sheep and other animals. Then came the adventurous, inquiring minds of the Renaissance, and in the 1540's the Flemish Vessalius made the almost unbelievable announcement that Galen was wrong, that the human anatomy is different from the way Galen had described it. Then dissection after dissection, discovery after discovery. Circulation of the blood. Anæsthetics. Germs. Vaccines. Radiology. Galileo invented the microscope, to be followed by other amazing mechanical aids. Most of this knowledge of the body and the treatment of disease has come in the last hundred years.

But in all this time few considered it necessary to make an intensive study of the human skin — people were too much concerned with what was inside the skin. The dermatologists did learn how to treat outbreaks of the skin with remarkable success, but no one knew much about the anatomy of the skin itself.

Then came the great Dr. Una of Hamburg.

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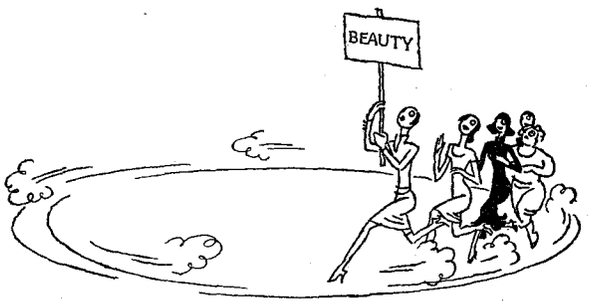
Through years of research he established the fact that the outermost skin layer — the layer that is one twenty-fifth of an inch thick — is made up of minute particles of horn or keratin that are held together by a protein matrix. And that this combination of keratin and matrix is absolutely impervious to the passage of moisture — it doesn't let any moisture out of the body and no moisture into it. You can swim all day and not soak in any water at all, and the live human body does not dry out under the most arid conditions. He it was who discovered that the only way foreign material can get into the body through the skin is for it to pass down the hair-follicle apparatus at the base of the hairs. And he started making studies of the elasticity of the skin that are still the best contributions to that subject, but he died before he had completed them.



BEAUTY IN THE LABORATORY

THEN IN 1930 Dr. Lloyd Arnold, in charge of bacteriology and preventive medicine at the University of Illinois, began making other discoveries about the skin. His experiments proved that clean human skin is the best disinfecting agent there is. That you can put thousands of harmful bacteria on clean skin, and the skin will rid itself of them in a few minutes. That clean skin is achieved with soap and water. That certain fats on the skin retard the disinfecting power of the skin. That the palm of the hand disinfects itself more rapidly than any other area. That the membrane lining of the nose and mouth and eyelids has the same disinfecting power as the outside skin, but the line of demarcation between the outside skin and the lining skin is never sterile. These areas hang on to all sorts of bacteria, just as does the space under the finger nails.

Also he made the discovery that the keratin layer of the skin is acid in its reaction. In fact it has the most constant acid reaction of any part of the body — so much so that it immediately makes acid any alkaline that is placed on it.

And considering the fact that creams are fats and that most creams have a soap base that is alkaline, it would seem that these findings would have a bearing on the study of complexion.

The medical school of the University of Illinois is in Chicago, and I happen to live in Chicago. Dr. Arnold kindly granted an interview. I asked if he knew how a woman could keep a good complexion.

"What is a good complexion?" he countered.

I started to answer and found I couldn't.

"No one knows," he said, "and it isn't likely that we can find out how to keep a good complexion until we know scientifically what a good complexion is."

The talk lasted quite a while. Boiled down it amounted to this: the study of healthy skin is a science in itself; it is a legitimate medical study because the maintenance of well-toned healthy skin, in other words, the "school-girl complexion," will add much to the happiness of the human race, and anything that adds to the happiness of the human race adds to its mental and physical health. Also it will add years to the economic life of men and women past their youth. The man or woman of sixty who looks young will not be so apt to lose his or her job as the man or woman of sixty whose skin is always drawn and tired.

But medical research laboratories have no money for the study of healthy skin. Both the privately endowed and the state-owned laboratories are maintained with the idea of conquering disease. They have loads of money for the sick, but none for the healthy. They have money for the diseases of the skin. But the study of complexion is the study of healthy skin, or perhaps more accurately, of not unhealthy skin, and for that they have not one cent.

If this study of healthy skin could have been accomplished by placing skin tissue under the microscope, it probably would have been done long ere this, because that would have been a comparatively simple and inexpensive research. But the study has to be made on living skin, just as it has been found that the study of endocrine glands got nowhere until scientists began several years ago to study living persons.

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And the skin study can't be made on the skin of just one person, but it will have to be made on thousands of persons over a period of years — ten or fifteen, maybe. And it can't be made on merely the skin of the face, but it will have to cover every inch of the body to learn how the skin areas differ. Because it is known now that skin around the nostrils and extending wedge-shaped to the chin is of different construction than that of the other areas of the face. The sebaceous glands here are of a very different shape from the fat glands at the base of the hairs of the head. Also it is known that the skin in the armpits and groins differs from the skin in surrounding areas.

Dr. Arnold believes, with the rest of the medical profession, that as the research now being done on the endocrine glands of living persons progresses, undoubtedly the cure for a number of complexion troubles will be found. Particularly adolescent acne. This, it is generally known, has a connection with the sex glands. But how far away we are still from knowing the relation between the skin and the glandular structure of the body is shown by the fact that science hasn't yet discovered the route of passage between the skin and the regional lymph glands. Science presumes with good reason that there are lymph vessels in the skin, but it has not yet been able to demonstrate their presence or to determine the route of communication.

Then there is more knowledge needed of the effect of certain vitamins on the health of the skin. Now that people generally are eating more green vegetables, fruits, and milk products, the skin tone of the country has improved enormously. We have clearer complexions today than our grandparents had. But we still need to know more about the vitamins, particularly B and D. Science knows that there is vitamin D in the oily secretion of the skin. Do we wash it away when bathing? Do we need to replace it? If so, how can we best replace it?

Then, can we apply a fat to the skin that will not pass into the blood stream but will combine with the natural skin oil? Lanolin, or sheep fat, comes the closest of the known fats to human fat. It now passes into the blood stream. Can it or some other fat be made to stay put?

Dr. Arnold, however, believes that the greatest hope of maintaining the youthfulness of the skin lies in knowing how the keratin layer can be kept from drying out, for senile skin is dehydrated skin. Keratin, while not permitting moisture to go through it (except through the hair-follicle apparatus) still has the power of holding and letting go of moisture. It is like a gelatin in that regard — it thickens and thins according to the amount of moisture it contains. Now, can a process be found that will keep it permanently moist or moist for a long period between treatments? This problem is complicated in that no one knows the process of keratinization, except that increased friction of the skin develops calluses and corns (and don't we know that!). Dr. Una established the fact that keratin is in particles, but are the particles flat or globular or flaky? Are they laid in a pattern or just hit-and-miss? Is the pattern the same for the whole surface of the body, or does it vary, as around the nose? And do the size of the pores, which are V-shaped and which, since they have no muscles at their base, have no power of expanding or contracting, as beauticians maintain, depend upon the character of the keratin layer in the different individuals?

All these seem like a lot of problems. But medical science has conquered and is conquering other problems that at first seemed just as baffling. Many research doctors would undoubtedly like to work on skin. Who will give the research laboratories of the country the money to carry on these experiments that would benefit everyone beyond the age of thirty?

The food industries have furnished the research money for the study of vitamins. It would seem logical then that the two-billion-dollar cosmetic industry would feel that it should bring its products out of the tomb of King Tut and into the light of the twentieth century. But the president of a large toilet-soap concern, when asked whether he would contribute to a research fund, said: "Why should I? The results of that research may not be known for ten or fifteen or twenty years. And part of the money for it would have to come out of 1933 dividends. My job is to make the dividends for 1933 as big as I can."

So the question is: How much longer will the women of this country keep on paying out billions of dollars for something they don't get?

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MAIN STREET UP-TO-DATE

BY IRVING BACHELLER

It was the last word in hotels where for months every year we hung up our garments in the heart of New York. Friendly and familiar faces and hands eager to serve made it for us a rather warm heart. Our apartment was ten floors above the sidewalk, but we were always aware of the noisy traffic on the avenue below, beginning before dawn and continuing far into the night. Its almost incessant roar had ceased to keep us awake. Our ears had accepted it as a necessary and harmless part of the program of existence, as they would have accepted the roar of Niagara. It is the unexpected sound that is disturbing — something not in the contract.

The summer came on. We began to think of an old countryside up in New England which I had known in my youth, with its peaceful hills and valleys and grazing herds; of its small, restful hotel on the shore of a lake and the modest price of its hospitalities; of its Main Street, where traffic halted soon after the sun went down, and the voices of the night were those of crickets and katydids. The call was insistent, and we fell for it.

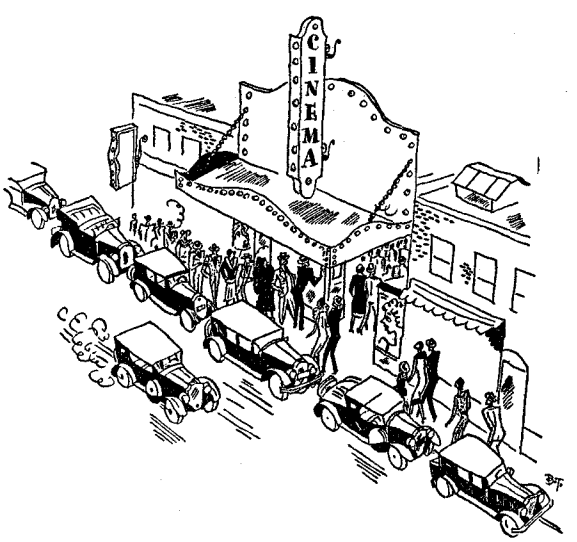
Our rooms and bath in this country town were inviting, with nearly every accessory to which we had been accustomed. Here, too, were willing hands and friendly faces. My wife's room had two large windows overlooking Main Street and another that commanded the lake view. Night came on. Along the street below was a solid line of parked cars at rest. The weather was warm. We put out the lights, opened the windows, and went to bed with a grateful sense of comfort. We were weary and soon asleep.

I was awakened about half past eleven by a persistent grinding in the street below. It was the nagging sound of three or four aged and infirm self-starters. Soon one of them set the engine in a roar broken by terrific bursting snorts. Being a horseman I have heard some snorts in my time, but these had the combined abdominal power of forty horses behind them. Then the acceleration lasted for minutes during which the tortured engine was like a lion at bay. Every cylinder and spark plug was complaining as it went off with an uproar that would have put a locomotive to shame. One starter, coaxed for half an hour, failed to connect, and half a dozen laughing boys and girls pushed the disabled car to an all-night garage for expert attention. The reluctant starters continued their grinding, and the snort and roar of carbonized engines kept us awake until after two o'clock. All this was a curious echo of hard times and new customs. We might as well have been trying to sleep on the sidewalk. It was as if the lounge, the bureau, and the chiffonier had gone tumbling about the room on a spree.

"Crickets and katydids!" my wife exclaimed in an hysterical tone. "Lord! What a place!"

"The farmer boys have all gone home," I said. "We can sleep now."

Indeed the town was quiet at last. We did sleep. We slept nearly half an hour, when two cars came racing down the street with defiant



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yells from each driver. The engines were not less excited than the men. They made a streak of terrifying sound in the night a mile wide. My wife began to express herself in language more or less emotional.

"I'm sorry," I answered. "Main Street has got some new habits since I was a boy."

Again we sailed off in quiet water on the slumber sea. It was a short trip. Soon after six o'clock a big motor truck, loaded with live veal, parked under our windows. The veal began to advertise its hunger and discomfort with a chorus of loud protesting blats. Is there any sound so penetrating as the voice of youthful and distressed bovinity? No doubt the driver had halted for breakfast. In half an hour we were off this shoal of misery and on our way again.

Now the very modern children of the proprietor, whom we regarded with a degree of affection and admiration, were a lively lot. How often I have observed that in a country town rumination is apt to have a whistling accompaniment. The bright boy of twelve came up the stairs whistling a lively tune with upper notes of singular penetration. I think that people who have spent the most of fifty years in New York would regard whistling indoors as a pernicious and disturbing type of activity. The siren voice of the fire engine at midnight is no worse. It awoke me, and in a moment four children were noisily chasing each other in the big hall beyond our doors. The day had come, and they were innocently trying to amuse themselves. So we decided to call it a night. It was no easy matter to pack our trunks and move. We were not disposed to give up.

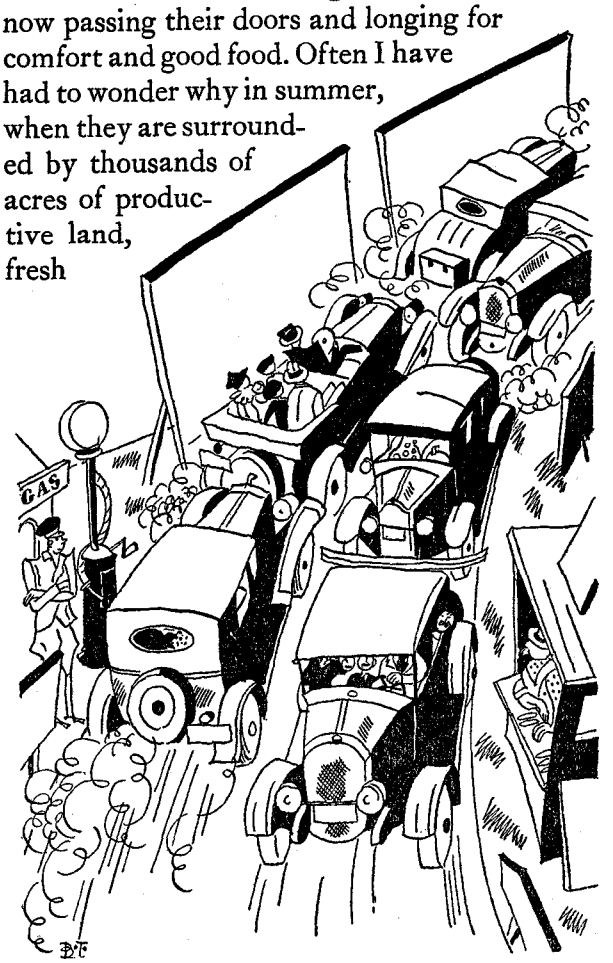
The Main Street hotel proprietor has improved in taste and cultivation since I was a boy. But he is a little like the motor cars we had heard. His engine is tired and in need of attention.

I began my literary career as the editor of a hotel newspaper. It became necessary for me to study the art followed by certain successful men in the management of crowded caravansaries. Every week I was in touch with Uriah Welch of the St. Nicholas, Charles Koerner of the Everett, Horace Brockway of the Ashland, Samuel Kiefer of the Grand Central, Mr. Leland of the Sturtevant, Mr. Witherbee of the Windsor, and other bonifaces who had carried the art to a high degree of perfection.

To my astonishment I learned that most of these men went to market every morning at an early hour to pass personally upon every important item in the day's supplies. I learned further that they were often in the kitchen and pantries looking after the preparation of the food and its service; the condition of floors, refrigerators, stoves, and dishes; the dress and appearance of the force. The kitchen was the keystone of the structure. Guests were invited to go there. The comfort and contentment of the guest was an object of ceaseless study.

The Decay of the Rural Virtues

Most country hotel men go on in the old rut more than a century long. They dress well. They make genial observations about the weather and do nothing but smile and receive the cash. Their marketing is done by the chore boy. Their kitchens are sloppy and unclean. The "fresh" vegetables have been loafing in the refrigerator for days. They have swapped flavors. The onions and the cucumbers have a like taste. These men forget that the world is now passing their doors and longing for comfort and good food. Often I have had to wonder why in summer, when they are surrounded by thousands of acres of productive land, fresh



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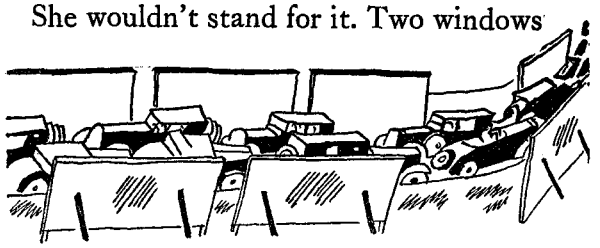
vegetables rarely get to their tables. Still our host was in many respects an exceptional country innkeeper. He is in the pie center of the universe, and his pies were exhilarating.

That day we had a restful and pleasant ride in the sunlit hills and valleys. We came back in a better mood. We ate our supper and sat awhile smoking and saw the fading colors of the western sky reflected on the quiet lake surface. Suddenly, as the night fell, we heard wild whoops and yells of triumph and shrieks of fright and despair. The children of the neighborhood had stealthily gathered on the darkened lawn and were now engaged in an Indian raid. It was like the descent of the Mohawks upon Cherry Valley. We fled to our rooms. We closed the windows and amused ourselves awhile with backgammon. Nine o'clock came. The raid was over. We got ready for bed.

"Let's close the windows and keep out the giddy whirl of Main Street," I proposed. "We'll get air enough under these high ceilings."

She wouldn't stand for it. Two windows



had to be open. We fell asleep, and in about half an hour were awakened by the murmuring and yelping of saxophones on the verandah just below one of our open windows. Soon they were in full cry. A dance had begun there, and below we could hear many voices of the happy, carefree young. I turned on a light and came out of my room laughing.

"You may think it's funny, but I don't," my wife complained. "This is what you call the sweet, quiet, restful, delightful country. Gosh! Take me back to Park or Lexington Avenue. 'Fresh fruits and vegetables'! And men coming into the dining room in their shirt sleeves! Lord! Take me back."

She was a born New Yorker. She had no toleration for shirt sleeves. She didn't understand them. What could I say? I had coaxed her into this trouble.

"Well," I said, "the old place ain't what it used to be. We'll start for Maine to-morrow."

The dance continued until one o'clock. The young of the country are as eagerly in pursuit of pleasure as those of the great towns. The big towns set the fashion in living, and the country-bred youngsters are keeping up with the procession. As to the cost of it, well, worry has become a habit in every countryside, and "for one night more let's forget it. We've not long to be young anyhow." They do not stay at home as they used to. Why? Motor cars. They can easily go fifteen miles after supper to a dance.

To-morrow arrived, but we did not move. The wife was ill, and I in disgrace. The doctor said that he would come right away. He did not come for hours. Is it because a good country doctor is now so much in request that he finds it difficult to keep his appointments? I know that I, having a sense of responsibility for everything that happened in the place, suffered with a feeling of guilt for his delinquency.

Every day at a certain hour the great transcontinental buses met under our windows going east and west. They had some grade to make going either way from the foot of Main Street. They were long and ponderous. They started with bursting roars that continued for half a minute. It was like artillery practice.

"Crickets and katydids!" my wife would exclaim as they went away.

The telephone was often ringing. Readers of mine wished to see and greet me. Anyone who has the courage to read my books excites my sympathy. Always I went down to see them. Often they had literary ambition and had written stories which they wished me to read.

One day the clerk announced that an old friend of mine wanted to see me. I went down. A man who looked like a tramp sat in a remote corner of the office. He was the seedy remnant of a noble race. His father was a distinguished citizen of the old time; his great-uncle had been an honored general in the Civil War. He asked me if I would kindly lend him a dollar.

"No," I said. "But I will gladly give you a dollar."

He took it and went away. Poor man! It certainly was a country that differed much from the land I had known. Here was an extremist of the don't-worry party. Are they all headed his way?

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The merchants and bankers in the old towns of from three to five thousand people are now immensely worried. The leading banker in the village said to me:

"We have got to pay a good part of the cost of these long concrete highways. It will take many years to do it. Our people are overburdened with taxes. Every day I listen to pathetic appeals for cash. What is the effect of these highways? Our people do less and less of their trading at home. They can go away to the big cities and see life and buy their goods cheaper. Many of our shops are going into the hands of foreigners who can dine on an onion and a hunk of bread. Have we bought at an extravagant figure the thing that is going to destroy us? The small villages are already dead. One could not borrow fifty dollars on a house that may have cost ten thousand dollars. Is that a portent of what is going to happen even in these larger towns? We are all worried."

We drove one day to the edge of the wilderness to see an old and exemplary citizen, who lived with his daughter and son-in-law. He had been a churchman and a bible student. I was looking for a sacred atmosphere. While the deaf old gentleman was telling me of the best sermon that he ever heard, there were a number of young children playing in the dooryard. Among them was a cunning, well-dressed little girl of six, eating bread and butter. A chicken came near her bare feet for the crumbs that were scattered there.

"Get away!" she said with some indignation. "If you peck my feet I'll kick your g — d — head off."

Here was an extremely modern note that amused us. "It's fortunate for a grandfather to be deaf these days," I said to my wife.

Patched and mended we were able to return at last to the restful calm of the great city. Continuity is a great virtue in tumult.

Business

Merchants have their ups and downs
Whether selling shoes or gowns;
Doctors find collections slow,
Dentists often have to owe,
Lawyers feel the need of cash,
Even bankers go to smash,
Railroads have to beg for gold,
Luggage dealers seem to hold
One eternal bankrupt sale;
Undertakers never fail.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

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RADIO REVIEWS

Culture with Our Cakes

BY CYRUS FISHER

According to one of the pontificates of radio, the action of sponsoring the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts, "performances," so he says, "of the highest cultural and educational as well as entertainment value, is another indication of the efficacy of the American system." In that case, if the gentleman whom I have just quoted is correct, the greater amount of broadcast opera, entirely unsponsored, coming from Milan, Paris and Pontoise, and Berlin would seem to be ineffable indications of the superior efficacy of three foreign systems entirely dissimilar to our own. However, despite the fact that the above quotation hardly leaves me breathless it does contain an arresting inference. The afterthought, glued on by the "as well as," was pretty and charming. I'm glad it wasn't forgotten. Any idea that American opera can be entertaining is novel.

While It Lasts

Metropolitan Opera, with Metropolitan Opera cast, under the direction of Louis Hasselmans. John B. Kennedy, commentator. Milton J. Cross, announcer. Gray and Bowman, sound engineers. Sponsored by the American Tobacco Company. Please see below for advertising time. NBC. National. Full-length operas; time varies. Every Saturday.

With *Mignon*, with *Tristan and Isolde*, with eight of any ten operas in the Metropolitan's repertoire, if you know the score your imagination can do better than your eyes. The surge of action, the darkening and brightening streams of sound all have a cumulative effect, when addressed entirely to your ears over the radio, which seems lacking when nose and eyes are also permitted to pick up unrelated phenomena produced equally by the cast and the group of splendid opera lovers gathered to watch the cast and themselves.

Messrs. Gray and Bowman, who handle the sound controls, are most important to the successful transmission of the opera broadcasts; and these two adroitly conscientious technicians even contrive to keep Mlle. Lily Pons' high ones from shrilling. Last year Mr. Cross' explanatory remarks consisted in reassuring us that two and two in opera are four. This year Mr. Kennedy has the thankless explanatory task, and he restricts himself to a quiet, copper-etched presentation of the physical action. Mr. Cross has reformed; given the unobtrusive, short advertising announcements, he delivers them with a quaint dignity that, somehow, is rather likable.

Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Leopold Stokowski. Norman Brokenshire, announcer. Anspach, production. Johnston, sound engineer. Sponsored by Liggett and Myers. One minute or less of advertising. CBS. National. 9:00–9:15 P.M. EST. Daily except Sunday.

Numerous soothsayers predicted that the quarter hour would be too short for the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. These ominous forebodings were deflated with singular dispatch by Mr. Stokowski, who has progressed from the shorter preludes and orchestral suites to a presentation of entire symphonies by taking up one movement each night. The program represents an ambitious attempt by a sponsor to provide the national audience with unsurpassed value in symphonic music, and I, for one, am all for it to the hilt.

The Cadillac Concert, with guest conductors Eugene Goossens, Eugene Ormandy, Artur Bodanzky, Walter Damrosch, and others of the same pure, unrectified line; and guest stars Jose Iturbi, Yehudi Menuhin, Rosa Ponselle, and more out of the identical vats. Orchestra under the general direction of Nathaniel Shilkret. Milton J. Cross, announcer. Liversidge, production. Ghisalbert, sound engineer. Sponsored by Cadillac Motor Car Company. Approximately 5 minutes' advertising time. NBC. National. 6:00–7:00 P.M. EST. Every Sunday.

The prodigious flow of superb sponsored music makes March a month to go down in the

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annals for your grandchildren. The latest arrival of importance, the Cadillac Concert, has a sixty-piece orchestra of character and spirit, adaptable enough to accent the leadership of a sequence of notable conductors. The guest stars, like *champagne fin* offered between courses of a dinner of great seduction, are of proven brands and need no praise to estimate their savor. The guest stars usually have from two to four selections. You are given over half an hour of orchestral compositions, and Mr. Cross labors quickly and happily on the commercials.

ADVENTURE, INC.

Cruise of the Seth Parker, featuring Phillips Lord and crew. Clyde Kittell, announcer. Radcliffe, production. Lord, continuity. Sponsored by Frigidaire Corporation. 3 minutes' advertising time. NBC. National. 10:00–10:30 P.M. EST. Every Tuesday.

In the first performances he has given without benefit of chin whiskers or other rural appurtenances, Mr. Lord — alias Seth Parker, the Country Doctor, Uncle Abner, Uncle David, and Uncle Seraphim, for all I know — offers a version of this speech: "When I was a barefoot kid in Maine, I watched the ships go over the horizon and longed to go with them. . . . Now I'm going because that kid I used to be keeps saying, 'Listen, Bud, that's a fine way to treat me.'" It is a fine, manly speech, worthy of this new series which lacks nothing, despite the absence of chin whiskers, in that vegetable quality found in all Seth Parker productions.

The announcer says that Mr. Lord is seeking adventure "just as Jack London and Robert Louis Stevenson" did. I'm not certain I heard the "did" but never mind. Nor have I heard that Jack London and Robert Louis Stevenson sought adventure by seeking not alone a sponsor to pay for broadcasting romance on the high seas but also manufacturers of more than fifty products, from silverware and spark plugs to a laxative (you can never tell what may happen to an old salt away from port), willing to provide these essentials of travel free, in return for publicity, as Mr. Lord has done. However, Jack London and Robert Louis Stevenson lived in a simple-minded age.

Mr. Lord's broadcasts consist of a harmonica player helping out with old favorites such as "Crossing the Bar," sea stories by actors presumably selected for their seafaring abilities, and thrilling anecdotes about burials at sea by Captain Lord himself. After the third or fourth broadcast I was obliged to seek adventures on other programs because there was a whispering in back of the microphone whenever Mr. Lord spoke; it seemed that the kid he used to be was still whispering: "Listen, Bud, that's a fine way to treat me!" right underneath the flow of moral sentiments.

Byrd Antarctic Expedition, featuring Admiral Byrd, his crew, Bill Daly's orchestra, studio talent, and guest entertainers. Harry Von Zell, local announcer. Charles Murphy, "Little America" announcer. Sponsored by General Foods. 3 minutes', several seconds' advertising time. CBS. National. 10:00–10:30 P.M. EST. Every Saturday.

A prime assortment of studio Esquimos keep their mittens on through twenty minutes of music broken, at intervals, by solemn assurances of the scientific value of Admiral Byrd's adventure. The real program doesn't cross the line until the final ten minutes. Then short waves lash and curl through your loud speaker. Faint voices heading toward a white coast none of us will ever see glide in through the roarings of static.

There's always the chance that some day Admiral Byrd's great biplane will head out over the sugar-frosted depths and not return. If that occurs this will be the most sensational broadcast of all times, and all the noble souls who like to watch stunt fliers and say: "Wouldn't it be terrible if the wing should come off?" will immediately become staunch advocates of the scientific worth of South Pole radio programs. Meanwhile, what the voices say during the final ten minutes of the "Byrd Antarctic Expedition" is of minor consequence. You may take your choice of either the barking of the huskies or the crew's ensemble work, if your musical training is sufficient to distinguish between the two.

OIL AND VINEGAR

Sealed Power Sideshow, featuring Cliff Soubier, Morin Sisters, and Harold Stokes' orchestra. Charles Lyon, announcer. Sponsored by Sealed Power Corporation. 3 minutes', 40 seconds' advertising time. NBC. National. 7:00–7:30 P.M. CST. Every Monday.

Lurking in interstices between nineteen minutes of handsome music you will discover

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three viscid characters quite as dangerous as any three spoonfuls of castor oil. I would warn you against a gentleman obsessed by the notion that the noise of a side-show barker reckons among the loftier comedy devices; against a comedienne who may have the ambition but neither the equipment nor lines owned by Miss Gracie Allen; and against a good announcer who has been falsely misled into accepting the rôle of a second Mr. George Allen. The comedienne says: "Take off your glasses and you'd look better to me." Announcer: "To me, too." Comedienne: "My brother was a famous runner." Announcer: "What did he run in?" Comedienne: "In the cutest little pants I made him." Oh, well.

Sal Hepatica Revue, featuring Fred Allen and Company and Ferde Grofé's orchestra. Varying announcers. Sponsored by Bristol-Myers Company. 3 minutes, 30-odd seconds of advertising. NBC. National. 9:30–10:00 P.M. EST. Every Wednesday.

In a smooth and merciless satire on all high-adventure programs, and two specifically, the "Sal Hepatica Revue" — quite a title in itself — presents Mr. Fred Allen as an explorer seeking the East Pole. His voice, bland beyond all belief, totally devoid of feeling and respect for the higher pursuits of life, casually emits remarks concerning his barefoot boyhood and other touching subjects in a manner which will make explorers of radio programs squirm with admiration and certain other explorers squirm with something less than admiration.

At intervals he switches on the radio placed in his good ship — and you must hear him to appreciate the blistering irony possible in "good ship." The pleasant fiction of turning on the radio offers a convenient excuse for Mr. Grofé's orchestra to come in with its usual brilliant constructions. If I have not been overly kind in the past to Mr. Allen it is because until now he has been struggling in productions unfitted for his satirical enterprise. Let me finish and make amends for possible neglect by repeating what is, to date, the best line of 1934. There is an unearthly roaring noise, presumably one of Mr. Lord's waves, coming through the microphone, and Mr. Allen pauses, asks: "Who's that? The sponsor?" and imperturbably continues to pour vinegar over the high seas.

On Wax

Recently I sent a questionnaire to over three hundred radio editors of major influence throughout the country to find out what they thought about the present system of broadcasting. ¶ One radio editor promptly replied: "Don't use my name. Writing a letter is like putting a program down on a wax record for broadcasting. If you make a slip you can't say you were misunderstood because you can be checked. But if you want to know what I think of broadcasting, I am damned filled up with it. In all this talk about the American system we forget that major chains are doing an excellent job. But the chains have less than a third of the broadcasting stations. Under the present set-up these local stations without national affiliations can put on everything cheap and undesirable and what's more, get away with it." ¶ Mr. William Lawrence says go ahead and quote: "About the only thing that can be done, if we cannot have complete government ownership and control is to limit definitely the content and length of advertising talks." ¶ Mr. Evans Plummer, one of the shrewdest radio columnists in the business, states, "Perhaps chains should be required to provide a certain percentage of educational or 'better' things," but nevertheless he thinks the present system is satisfactory. ¶ Mr. James Hays writes in sensibly enough: "If I were you, I wouldn't get all hot and bothered. The broadcasting companies try to guide their programs in accordance with the tastes of the 'Great American' public, as you ought to be intelligent enough to know." I ought to be, anyway. ¶ Mr. H. B. Snyder wants to have a small yearly tax on radios, as in England, to help provide unprostituted entertainment. ¶ Mr. Edward Brodie also favors "the practice of some European countries which provide a moderate license for receiving sets and use the revenue for broadcasting programs." ¶ Mr. I. N. Cox is pretty cross with it all because "so many programs are a blot on the air, but of course you don't have to listen," which is one way to solve the problem.

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

SCRAP MR. FLYNN!

Among the numerous letters that have come to the Editor's desk in regard to John T. Flynn's article, "Scrap the NRA," in the January FORUM, *is the following from Donald R. Richberg, General Counsel of the National Recovery Administration:*

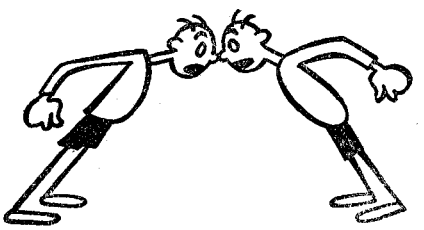
I was sufficiently annoyed by Mr. Flynn's article . . . so that in substance I made a reply to it in my speech at Faneuil Hall, Boston, on December 27. . . .

This contains a specific refutation of Flynn's charges in many instances. I would, however, like to call attention to the unfair method of attack used by Mr. Flynn in this article. Of course, sweeping assertions such as, "no one can support the proposition that it (NRA) is a recovery measure," simply indict the author's intelligence or honesty. The proposition that the NRA is a recovery measure cannot only be supported by anyone who investigates the facts, but it can be proved up to the hilt.

The statistical material in my speech, for example, shows that Mr. Flynn's statement is plain nonsense. Mr. Flynn's statement about the origin of the Recovery Act is a garbled mess of half truths and pure fiction. I helped write the Act and I know something about it. Whereas his information is based on gossip and incomplete newspaper reports. I fought over many provisions of the Act with Mr. Harriman, for example, and know very well the extent to which it was satisfactory and unsatisfactory to those whom he represented. It was a very different act from the one which the U. S. Chamber of Commerce wished to have written.

Mr. Flynn states that as soon as the Act was passed "there was set up in the Department of Commerce an Advisory Board composed of Alfred P. Sloan," etc. — naming a list of prominent industrialists. The fact is that there was set up *in the NRA* the Industrial Advisory Board named by Mr. Flynn *and with equal power and importance* a Labor Advisory Board, composed of William Green and other notable representatives of organized labor. I mention this as indicating the method used by Mr. Flynn in his article of bringing out everything that would support an unsound argument and concealing everything that would refute the argument.

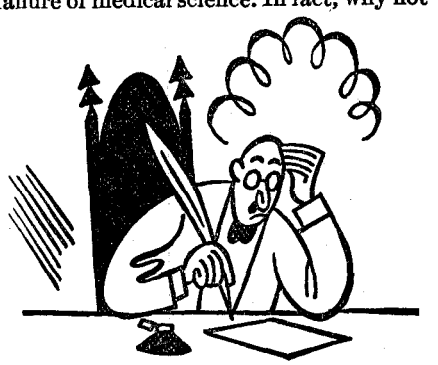
Mr. Flynn is equally inaccurate in his discussion of the Swope Plan, concerning which I have an intimate knowledge extending over months and concerning which he evidently knew nothing except what he had read in some inaccurate newspaper accounts. The Swope Plan was never intended as a substitute for the NRA. It covered only the self-organization of industrial management which, as Mr. Swope and every other informed person knew, must be accompanied by the organization of labor and the organization of public administration, with all three organizations participating in the self-government of industry.



Mr. Flynn's statement that "the NRA has actually interfered with our recovery" is on a par with the small boy's cry that the floor bounced up and hit him. It has no relation to reality. He attempts to bolster up this statement by quoting figures which show that the mere anticipation of the NRA brought about an unduly rapid recovery last summer. All the responsible people in the NRA recognized that this was a temporary boom and were duly grateful that it did not last long. The true measure of recovery by any honest statistics is found in the rates of improvement since March, 1933, and those figures all give the lie to Mr. Flynn. The failure of the heavy-goods industries to improve is in no way chargeable against the NRA program, which was not designed for their primary and direct improvement. General Johnson and I, with the others who wrote the Act, recognized that Title II, the Public Works Program, provided the safe means of stimulating the heavy-goods industries. An unnecessary production of capital goods would simply repeat the follies of the post-war boom. But a healthy revival of heavy-goods industries might reasonably follow an increase of employment and purchasing power in the consumption-goods industries.

The stabilization of business, the tremendous increase of employment, the improved standard of living for all the lower-paid wage groups are substantial and undeniable achievements of the NRA. The argument that the NRA has not established international peace or revived international trade or cured a sixty-year sickness in six months proves only that the mental processes of the arguer are badly warped.

Heretofore I have had considerable admiration for Mr. Flynn, whom I assumed to be a fearless revealer of truth. Now I wonder whether, when his prejudice is aroused, he is either accurate or fair. It is especially disturbing because he could have learned the facts about the NRA so easily if he had sought to get them. So far as I know he had no contacts whatsoever with the responsible directors of the NRA program. For months reliable newspaper men of every shade of economic and political views have spent long hours every day delving into the facts about the NRA. Not one of them, to my knowledge, has written such a foolish article; and a great many of them have been enthusiastic in their approval of the NRA. Mr. Flynn, without any adequate investigation or basis in experience for his judgments — in a word, with no competent basis for an intelligent opinion — proceeds to review and to condemn in slapdash fashion an experiment in political science and political economy which would seem to be beyond his powers of analysis or appraisal. I do not blame THE FORUM for publishing this article; but I suggest that it be one of a series and that the next be entitled, "Scrap Relativity!" and explain briefly the failure of Einstein as seen by Flynn. This could be followed by "Scrap Johns Hopkins!" exposing the failure of medical science. In fact, why not



lock Mr. Flynn in a room somewhere, immune from any first-hand contact with important facts, and turn him loose on every sincere effort being made anywhere to improve the world — in the natural sciences, in the social sciences, or in the arts? Just let him read the newspapers for inspiration and then dash off an article a week, calling upon some devoted group of people who really know what they are trying to do and who are actually doing a good job to "scrap it." Inside a few weeks he might become a dangerous rival to Will Rogers, Eddie Cantor, or Ed Wynn as a popular humorist, and then — knowing that his stuff was intended to be funny — we would all enjoy it.

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"CANADIAN CLUB"

"CANADIAN CLUB," happily, is one of those few products known the world over for consistent, unvarying excellence. When Hiram Walker, in 1858, founded this now vast business, he laid down hard-and-fast principles of quality and purity. Those principles have not been changed in 75 years. They are practiced faithfully today, in every process of distilling and leisurely mellowing "Canadian Club" — whose age is attested by the government's official stamp which seals the bottle. Those same principles are your assurance that any product bearing the name of Hiram Walker & Sons measures up to the high standards so evident in "Canadian Club."

Hiram Walker & Sons

WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO , , PEORIA, ILLINOIS

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful

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Review of Reviews

CENTRAL OFFICE — 597 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

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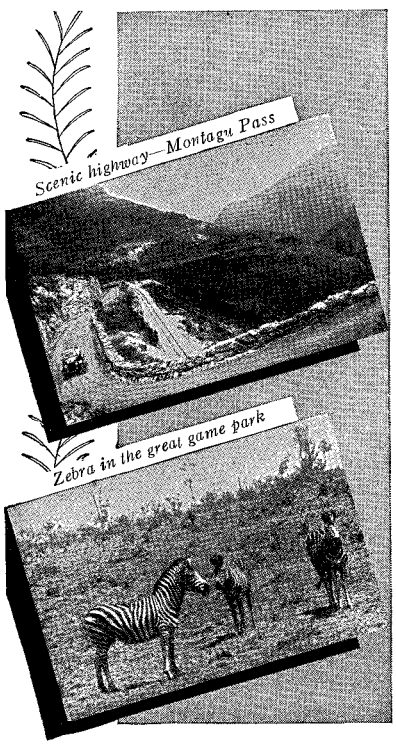
SOUTH AFRICA

will fascinate you—



Marvelous Sights

The "Cape Beautiful" . . . Victoria Falls . . . Kimberley Diamond Fields . . . the great Rand Gold Mines . . . Weird Cango Caves . . . Mysterious Zimbabwe Ruins . . . Majestic Drakensberg Mountains . . . Vast Kruger Big Game Reserve.

Picturesque

Zululand—primitive kraal life . . . tribal ceremonies . . . thrilling war dances . . . witch doctors!

Modern

hotels and railroads . . . Golf, tennis, hunting, fishing, surf-riding . . . Exhilarating sunshiny weather . . . Delightful hospitality.

For full information address:
Thos. Cook & Son—Wagons-Lits, Inc.
587 Fifth Avenue New York
or
American Express Company
65 Broadway New York
or any office of Thos. Cook & Son—Wagons-Lits, Inc. or the American Express Company.

OUR ROSTRUM

Mr. Flynn Rebuts

To the Editor:

Mr. Richberg has whipped himself into an angry spasm in his efforts to say something biting and bitter. In the end, in spite of many words, he merely asserts that my criticisms of the NRA are not true, that I have made no effort to obtain the facts, that I am confused by prejudices, and, finally, to add a dash of pepper to the dish, that I might now be turned loose to scrap the theory of relativity, medical science, and some other respectable institutions. But after all, Mr. Richberg's mere traverse of my criticisms is not enough. As to my prejudices, every prejudice I possess was enlisted on the side of the President's program when it was being formed. As to whether or not I leap into discussions without seeking the facts patiently and laboriously, the editors of The Forum and other leading American magazines for which I write will know better about that than the angry Mr. Richberg. And as to turning Flynn loose to scrap the law of gravity, the solar system, and other things of equal validity with the NRA, at least there is one thing I need not trouble myself to scrap — and that is Donald Richberg, the liberal. He has done that job pretty well himself. And liberals have watched the process with a good deal of sadness.

John T. Flynn

New York, N. Y.

The Radio Problem

Harold A. Lafount, member of the Federal Radio Commission, writes in protest against some of Eddie Dowling's statements in his article, "Radio Needs a Revolution," in the February Forum:

. . . I know of my own knowledge that the Radio Act of 1927 is not the result of accident or ignorance, but was enacted in the light of successive radio conferences and after exhaustive hearings before the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries of the House, in 1919, 1929, 1921, and 1923 and again in 1926 . . . and also after hearings before the Committee on Interstate Commerce of the Senate . . . at which everybody in the United States interested in radio, regardless of affiliations, was invited to be present and present his views and such information as would be helpful to the Committee. . . .

Electrical companies are of major importance in the field of radio for the reason that it was they who were originally responsible for the tremendous growth and improvement in the art. It was they who, in the dawn of this scientific wonder, spent large sums of money on research in the laboratories in the hope of giving to the people of the United States a means of enjoying this great new field for the dissemination of intelligence. Naturally,

The Riviera AND Switzerland's Peaks!

you'll find their peers IN

America's WEST

UNION PACIFIC — THE OVERLAND ROUTE

All the attractions of gay Continental resorts are found in the ultra-smart beach cities of the Pacific Coast . . . the jagged peaks and mirror lakes of the Rockies, the Tetons, are reminiscent of the Alps . . . off the coast of California there's an island with the rugged beauty of Capri . . . and so on, down an endless list of famous "Old World" scenes which find their counterparts in the Union Pacific West, which includes:

Zion-Bryce-Grand Canyon
Yellowstone-Grand Teton
Rocky Mountain National Parks
Colorado
California and Hawaii
Pacific Northwest and Alaska
Western Dude Ranches
Boulder Dam

Go West this summer, where your vacation dollar will go farther than it will abroad.

Mr. W. S. Basinger, Pass'r Traffic Mgr.
Room 10, Union Pacific Railroad
Omaha, Nebr.

Please send me information about Vacations in _____

Name _____

Address _____

UNION PACIFIC

Ask for Descriptive Literature of "Tomorrow's Train Today"

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I'm sailing
FROM
Seattle

Boat Deck on S. S. Yukon

TO Alaska's midnight sun

● I'm sailing from Seattle because I want to see *all* those fascinating ports—Ketchikan, Wrangel, Petersburg, Juneau, Skagway, Sitka, Cordova, Valdez, Seward. *This* summer I can afford it—only $80 for 11 day round-trip Seattle to Skagway and Sitka—$115 for 12 day round-trip Seattle to Seward. On the finest ships in the Alaska service—*SS. Alaska, SS. Northwestern, SS. Aleutian* and *SS. Yukon*. Serving American meals.

Take that Western trip this summer . . . never before so cheap

Great Northern offers round-trip fares too low to ignore. Make the *Logan Pass Detour* through the heart of Glacier Park on your way to Pacific Northwest, Alaska or California. See nearest Great Northern agent, or write A. J. Dickinson, P.T.M., Room 725, Great Northern Ry. Bldg., St. Paul.

GREAT NORTHERN

Route of the EMPIRE BUILDER

Air-Conditioned Dining and Observation Cars

GREAT NORTHERN

OUR ROSTRUM

their outlook is not entirely altruistic. Having spent vast sums to perfect the art for the benefit of the public, they must realize something on their investment. I do not concede that this gives them a right to a monopoly which will dominate the industry nor do I believe that this is true.

Under our American system of broadcasting, advertising has become the means whereby the public is given service without charge. This . . . simply means that a station licensee is permitted to advertise provided, in return therefor, he conducts his station in the public interest, convenience, and necessity. . . .

Mr. Dowling charges that small radio broadcasting stations are dominated by the chains. Again he states no facts or figures to substantiate this charge. The records of the Commission, however, show that there are approximately 600 licensed stations in operation to-day, of which 85 are affiliated with the National Broadcasting Company, and 82 with the Columbia Broadcasting System. This does not mean that 167 stations are entirely "chain stations" out of the 600 licensed. It means that of the 600 stations licensed 85 broadcast part of their time some of the programs of one chain, and 82 part of their time the programs of another chain. . . .

There is no such thing as "unlimited franchise" under the Radio Act of 1927. That Act expressly provides that there is no property right in a license, and stations are licensed only so long as their operation serves public interest, convenience, and necessity. . . .

The foregoing are, of course, my personal views. I have not consulted with my colleagues on the Commission and do not presume to speak for the Commission. . . .

To the Editor:

. . . Eddie Dowling is to be congratulated upon stating the case so clearly. . . . If radio doesn't need a revolution, then nothing ever did. I regard it, as presently perpetrated in this country, as nothing short of a national calamity. . . .

R. C. O'BRIEN

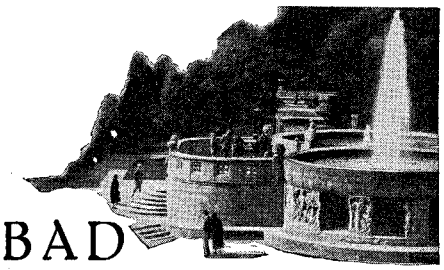
New York, N. Y.

MORE TEMPERANCE

To the Editor:

You and your publication interest me very much, especially when you call a dictionary to your aid. You must have recognized that when I said your article on "Temperance" was one of several that were being foisted upon the public I was referring to content and not to technique of publication. . . . The danger inherent in the moderate use of alcohol has been demonstrated. . . . Any society that sanctions and protects a destructive busi-

For Your Heart and Health



BAD NAUHEIM
GERMANY

Now more than ever, is the modern woman and the man of affairs in need of the vigorous health which Bad Nauheim offers. Bad Nauheim: the world famous resort for heart and vascular diseases and also for gout, rheumatism and ailments of the digestive organs. Carbonic acidulous brine-thermae; authoritative treatments, the William G. Kerckhoff Institute. Restful hotels extend cheerful hospitality during an all year season. Pleasant diversions, music, golf, sports, amid the charm of woodland and flowers. Illustrated folders from German Tourist Information Office, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., and all first class travel bureaus.

Congress is in Session

The activities of politics, business and society are more colorful than ever before. You will enjoy Washington this winter.

The best in accommodations, location and smart surroundings are available at this distinctive hotel. Write or wire for reservations.

Nathan Sinrod, Manager

The HAY-ADAMS HOUSE
LAFAYETTE PARK AT SIXTEENTH
NATHAN SINROD, MGR.
WASHINGTON, D.C.

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OUR ROSTRUM

ness for the revenue it may secure out of that business has also "yielded to the smug ethics of the age of greed." That blanket will fairly well cover the camp of the anti-prohibitionists.

FRED A. VICTOR

New York, N. Y.

ON THE HANDLING OF CONTROVERSY

G. A. Nichols, Editor of Printers' Ink, *an advertising journal which has itself been much concerned recently with the new Food and Drugs Act, comments on Catherine Hackett's and John C. Sterling's presentation of that subject in the February* FORUM:

The articles . . . are A-1 reading. . . . I can truthfully say . . . that both of these articles are well done and that the opposing arguments are set forth in such a way as to cause some serious thought.

This is one of the best examples of presenting both sides of a highly controversial subject that I have seen in a long time, and I want to congratulate you upon this extremely good feature.

W. G. Campbell, Chief of the Food and Drug Administration of the Department of Agriculture, has a good word for Catherine Hackett.

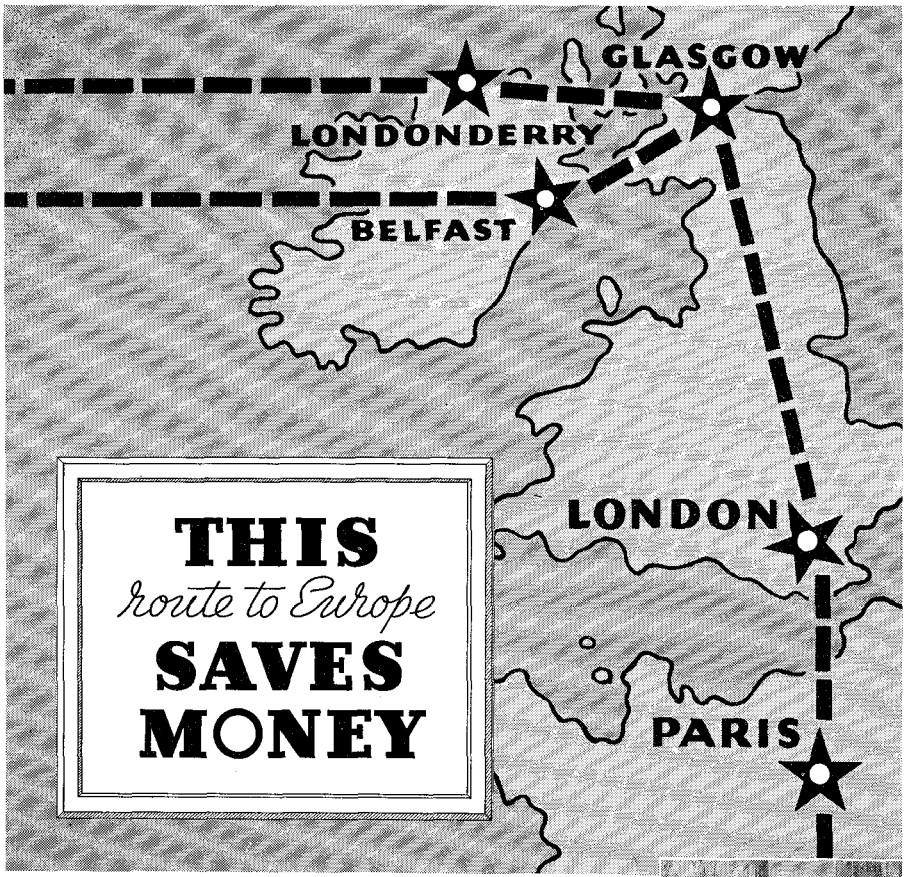
. . . Needless to say, I am wholly sympathetic with Miss Hackett's presentation. Her argument presents the viewpoint of the housewife in comprehensive and convincing fashion. After all, no one is more concerned with adequate food-and-drug legislation than the women of this country.

Quite naturally I do not find Mr. Sterling's arguments persuasive. He has too often in the course of his paper accepted current misinterpretations of the proposed law which have been widely used in opposing this legislation.

Professor David F. Cavers of Duke University, who assisted in the writing of the proposed Food and Drugs Bill, points out several places where he says Mr. Sterling is in error.

FORUM is to be congratulated on finding so articulate and discriminating a housewife as Mrs. Hackett's article reveals her to be. The consumer, lacking the benefit of organization, must usually remain silent while spokesmen for industry and advertising step forward as champions of the public interest, which, oddly enough, seems always to coincide with their own. Mr. Sterling's presentation of the opposition's case is distinguished from the usual attacks on the bill by its moderation, but he falls into some egregious errors. For example, the bill does *not* dispose "of court procedure to pass on the legality of advertising."

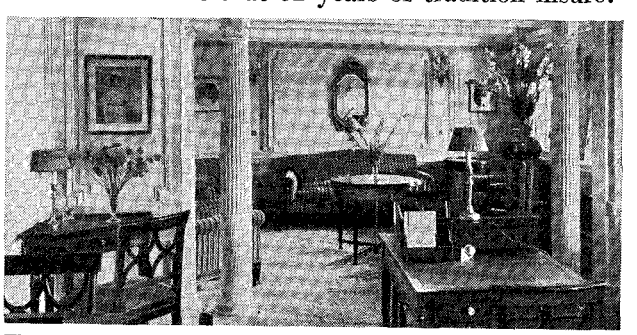
Mr. Sterling fears for advertising because the law does not tell him in advance what advertisements are false or misleading. By the same token he might fear for



Able, experienced officers, bred in the traditions of a great sea-faring race.

First you save on your ocean crossing... Anchor Line gives you eight days of luxurious, generously served, care-free ocean travel in great modern liners. First Class for only $147, Cabin $139, Tourist $107. You save on land travel, too . . . this route starts at the top and works down without expensive retracing of steps . . . through a country rich in scenic beauty and historic interest. And lastly, your dollar in these British Isles stands almost at par . . . with costs of living and travel down to begin with! Britain, a goal in itself, is also a ready entrance to all the rest of Europe. So start right . . . sail Anchor Line . . . get in your ocean voyage the service and comfort that 82 years of tradition insure!

Personality in staterooms . . . ample, thoroughly modern, with a bright and cheery air.



This typical writing-room is rich and spacious . . . eloquent of pleasant living.

FIRST CLASS $147

CABIN $139

TOURIST $107

First Class sailings from New York to Londonderry and Glasgow: *Caledonia*, Feb. 24, Mar. 24, Apr. 21, May 19 (via Boston); June 9 (via Boston to Belfast and Glasgow).

Cabin Class from New York to Belfast and Glasgow: *Cameronia*, Mar. 10, Apr. 7, May 5 (via Boston to Londonderry and Glasgow); *California*, Apr. 28, May 26; *Tuscania*, May 12.

Tourist Class carried on all sailings.

ANCHOR LINE

Literature and information from your Local Agent or Anchor Line, 25 Broadway, New York

FIRST CLASS · CABIN · TOURIST

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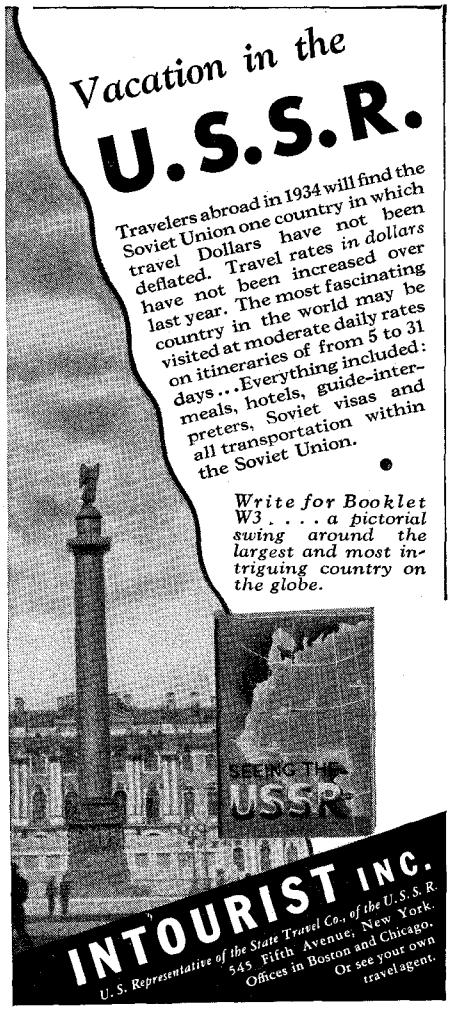
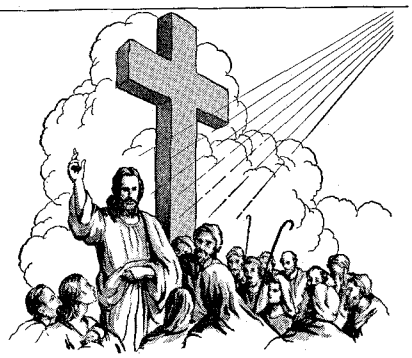

Vacation in the
U.S.S.R.
Travelers abroad in 1934 will find the Soviet Union one country in which travel Dollars have not been deflated. Travel rates in dollars have not been increased over last year. The most fascinating country in the world may be visited at moderate daily rates on itineraries of from 5 to 31 days . . . Everything included: meals, hotels, guide-interpreters, Soviet visas and all transportation within the Soviet Union.
Write for Booklet W3 . . . . a pictorial swing around the largest and most intriguing country on the globe.
SEEING THE USSR
INTOURIST INC.
U. S. Representative of the State Travel Co., of the U.S.S.R.
545 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Offices in Boston and Chicago.
Or see your own travel agent.



OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY

There is a place on earth where piety and faith will live, it seems, forever. To the world at large, evidence of this undying reverence is presented only once each decade—The Passion Play. This year, the 300th Anniversary, there will be as many as 33 performances, ample for travelers to combine, at low cost, their trip to Europe with a visit to Oberammergau.

Apply to your own Agent, or

AMEROP TRAVEL SERVICE, INC.
400 Madison Ave., New York City
AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY
65 Broadway, New York City
THOS. COOK & SON
587 Fifth Avenue, New York City

OUR ROSTRUM

motoring, since laws forbidding "reckless driving" never define that term. . . .

Incidentally, a careful revision of the bill following the Senate hearings in December resulted in the elimination of all clauses objected to by reputable business men — "ambiguity or inference" included — where substantial sacrifice in consumer protection was not entailed. The revised bill puts to the test the sincerity of those who have protested their sympathy with the aims of the original measure while objecting to its terms.

No Oracle Here

J. P. Gilmer of Kansas City, Mo., writes a long letter about the country's state of economic bankruptcy, asking us why we do not do our part in leading the way out. We quote a portion of his communication: "Now, I do not know a thing about The Forum's internals — whether it is free or controlled by wealthy individuals or special interests of any sort or feels itself compelled to walk circumspectly or has its own private prejudices — but with all the fervor I am capable of feeling, I appeal to you in the name of humanity to do what you can to give the people some light."

Not having found the one succinct formula which Mr. Gilmer believes will lead the nation out of the woods, perhaps the best we can do at the moment is to list a very few articles bearing on the subject which have appeared in The Forum *during the late lean years, beginning in July, 1931, with Charles A. Beard's "A Five-Year Plan for America." Following this, we find in August 1932, William Trufant Foster's "Why Not Self-Liquidating Relief?"; March, 1933 — "Which Way Out?" by George Soule and "Relief for the Farmer," by Henry A. Wallace; April, 1933 — "Is Our Gold Standard Too Rigid?" by George F. Warren; May, 1933 — "Do We Need Minimum Wage Laws?" by Frances Perkins; August — "The New Dollar," by George F. Warren; October — "A National Barter System," by Mordecai Ezekiel; December — "Uncertain Security," by George E. Bates; and in this issue, "Gold Standard, New-Style," by Frank A. Vanderlip.*

Our public service in printing these and other specifics for the nation's ills is as nothing beside our contribution in keeping out of the magazine ninety-nine per cent of the panaceas that flood our office daily.

Viewpoints on the Ministry

A few comments from ministers on Charles F. Steck's article ("I Don't Want My Son To Be a Minister," February Forum):

I don't want my boy to be a minister . . . but if he should, I hope he will hold steady when the grass on the other side of the fence looks greener — but isn't.

* * * I am grateful to the Reverend Steck and to The Forum for this article and I am convinced that he is a most welcome voice speaking the convictions of many and the pioneer in a movement that should usher in for the ministry in general a New Deal and a New Day. * * * If a man enters the ministry in any degree at all for selfish reasons he is very apt to be disappointed, but if he enters it with a sacrificial spirit and makes it his great aim in life to do all the good he can, it is the most overpaid vocation in the world. * * * If one is more concerned about the honors which are his due than the duties which should be his delight, then the ministry is no place for him.

The Forum Enters Congress

Arthur Robinson, Republican Senator from Indiana, has a kind word for Lawrence Sullivan's article, "Our New System of Bureaucracy," in the February number. I find the article very interesting, indeed, *he says*, and certainly enlightening. Furthermore . . . I hope to make some observations with reference to it on the floor of the Senate.

Bertrand H. Snell, Republican, Minority Leader of the House of Representatives, is as enthused as Mr. Robinson.

. . . You hit the nail right on the head every time. I am delighted with the way you have shown up the absolute destruction of the Civil Service system under the present administration. I wish every man and woman in the country could read the article. They would have a different idea of how the Democrats are practicing economy under the present administration. . . .

From College to the Coal Mines

Forum *readers will note with interest that the Literary Guild's March book selection is by a young lady who got her start in these pages. Lauren Gilfillan, who has a penchant for poking into places where most people don't go, lived a while in a town of striking Pennsylvania miners and described her experiences in* The Forum's *issues of June and July, 1932. Last October* The Forum *published "Weary Feet," her story of how a five-and-ten salesgirl lives and works. Now she has expanded her material on the mining district into full-length book form, and Viking will publish it under the title,* I Went to Pit College.

Card of Thanks

To the Editor:

. . . May I take this opportunity to thank you for your kindness in printing my request for information on the Beecher family? . . . I received over three hundred letters, ten or a dozen of which contained information of value which I could not have otherwise secured. . . .

Lyman Beecher Stowe

New York, N. Y.

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THE
FORUM
AND · CENTURY

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Next Month

and later

SLOW-MOTION JUSTICE

Harry D. Nims

A member of the Committee on the Administration of Justice of the State of New York points out how efficient methods of business applied to the administration of civil courts would quickly clear court calendars, without added expense to taxpayers.

WHAT IS POETRY?

Mary M. Colum

A definition of poetry and a discussion of recent trends in poetry, as exemplified by the work of Archibald MacLeish, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edwin Arlington Robinson, T. S. Eliot, Robert Frost, Ezra Pound, and Robinson Jeffers.

A WEST POINTER IN RUSSIA

Charles Thayer

No learned treatise on the U.S.S.R. could capture the vividness found in these random impressions of Russia to-day. Here are the Soviets — working, playing, but above all, says the author, learning.

THE POWER OF PRAYER: DOES IT EXIST?

Mary Austin

Here is a discussion, by a woman who has devoted a lifetime of study to the subject, of the practical application of prayer — the technique, if you will, of the mystic. Mrs. Austin's years of observation among the western Indian tribes, her research into the lives of history's famed devout and sainted qualify her to write authoritatively on this ever-absorbing topic.

THE WAR ON CANCER

C. C. Little

Cancer is a scourge of humanity which annually causes the deaths of more persons than any other single natural affliction, except diseases of the heart. And yet, for the ordinary man, it is shrouded in a curtain of mystery, ignorance, and misconception. A clear-cut exposition of its causes, symptoms, and the means that are being developed to combat it ought to be of universal interest.

MILK IS A PUBLIC UTILITY

Charles H. Melish

Milk and other dairy products are the largest single item in the food budget of Mr. Melish's family. Hence it is not illogical that he should try to find out where the money he pays for them is going. Having found out, he proposes an experimental plan which, by treating milk as a public utility, might solve the problem for the underpaid producer and the overcharged consumer.

THE BOHEMIAN CAPTIVITY

Thomas F. Healy

The mistaken belief that far-famed Greenwich Village is the proving ground of the imaginative arts in America is here neatly exploded. Mr. Healy, who has lived there for ten years and who ought to know, says that it is more of a burial ground than anything else.

THE ARYAN DELUSION

John Langdon-Davies

The myth of Nordic superiority as propagated by the Nazis is dealt with in the author's lucid and conclusive fashion.

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All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

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THINGS HAPPENED TO HER

She was graduated from college — she wanted to see things worth writing about. She went to a mining town — lived with a miner's family — became one of them.

She went through a strike with the miners, begged with their children, dressed as a boy and descended into a mine herself. She witnessed a thousand things which challenged her typewriter, has set it all down in fast moving, authentic narrative — a story, strange, breathtaking, every word of it excitingly factual. It is an unforgettable human document, filled with the stuff that makes great books. Some of Miss Gilfillan's shorter works have appeared in *The Forum*. $2.50.

I WENT TO PIT COLLEGE

by Lauren Gilfillan

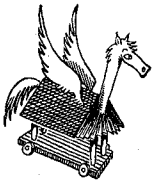
The Literary Guild Selection for March

An eyewitness account of Soviet Russia since 1921, written by the *New York Times'* special correspondent who covered Russia for 12 years and achieved one of the most memorable feats in the history of journalism. $2.75.

DURANTY REPORTS RUSSIA

by Walter Duranty

VIKING PRESS, INC.



BOOKS IN BRIEF

BY EDITH H. WALTON

THE ROBBER BARONS, by Matthew Josephson (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00). American capitalism has become somewhat more urbane in the twentieth century, and one reads half incredulously the story of the great industrialists, bankers, and railroad kings who joyously raped the country in the decades following the Civil War. As Mr. Josephson points out in his excellent and solidly documented book, the potential masters of America were too canny to go to war themselves. Young as they were at the time, Jay Gould, Jay Cooke, Jim Fisk, Collis Huntington, Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie, and the rest knew enough to stay home and build the foundations of their power while others fought. Within a decade they were seated firmly in the saddle and riding hard. In a book which necessarily emphasizes the terrific and insensate railroad wars, Mr. Josephson explains how they won their spoils, how they consolidated them, how they arrogantly ignored the public welfare, how, with unimaginable waste, extravagance, and mutual throat-cutting, they built up the present American system. He dwells on the buffooneries of the Erie Ring, the mad rush of rails to the Pacific, the wholesale watering of stock, the growth of modern monopolies as exemplified by the Standard Oil Company, the emergence of the investment banker in the person of J. P. Morgan. Obviously Mr. Josephson owes a considerable debt to Gustavus Myers' *History of the Great American Fortunes*, and to other pioneers in the field, but he has retold the brutal story of America's "development" colorfully, crisply, and with conscientious thoroughness. Though Mr. Josephson refrains from much overt commentary, and is willing to admit that these amoral giants were indeed titans of a sort, *The Robber Barons* is, as it was intended to be, an appalling book. It should be made compulsory reading.

THE NATIVE'S RETURN, by Louis Adamic (Harper, $2.75). The Guggenheim Foundation did America a favor, as things turned out, when it awarded a European Fellowship to Mr. Adamic. He used it to return to his native country, Yugoslavia — which he had not seen since he was fourteen — and he brought back a fresh-flavored, discerning book which is pure delight. On the strength of two previous books and numerous odd writings Mr. Adamic found that all Yugoslavia was primed to welcome him as a famous native son. He was fêted prodigiously in his home district, where he re-encountered his large and charming family of hearty peasants; he was given every facility to travel the length and breadth of his picturesque but backward land. He saw Dalmatia; stern, impoverished Montenegro; Sarajevo, that largely Turkish city; and Belgrade the boom-town capital whose predatory rulers maintain a stranglehold on the helpless agricultural regions. His book is at once a fascinating record of old customs and superstitions in a peculiarly primitive country and an analysis of the important part which Yugoslavia plays in modern European politics. He writes informally and with infectious zest, and however little you may care about the Balkans, you will like this book.

THEY ALL SANG, by Edward B. Marks, as told to Abbott J. Liebling (Viking, $3.50). A prominent music publisher, Mr. Marks has known everyone in the world of Tin Pan Alley since Tony Pastor reigned over the burlesque centers of Fourteenth Street. This is the kind of book that makes old-timers ache with remembrance and whistle teary-eyed into their beer. Ed Marks describes how he put his songs across from the days when he "plugged" them by personal persuasion in the saloons and beer halls of the nineties to the time when the war, the phonograph, and the radio created new, urgent problems for the music trade. His book is lavish with wistful reminiscences of the old minstrel shows, of Lillian Russell and Anna Held and Harrigan and Hart. It is profusely illustrated with facsimiles of those incredible bathetic songs of the age of innocence, and with portraits of the buxom beauties who then delighted New York. The book is badly written, jumbled, scrappy, but the material is so enthralling that it carries its own weight and Mr. Marks' gusto is unfailing. Specialists in New York, the nineties, and popular music will welcome it with cheers, and almost anyone else ought to find it grand reading.

MORE OR LESS ABOUT MYSELF, by Margot Oxford (Dutton, $4.00). Only death, one gathers, could curb the tongue of Margot Asquith, now Countess of Oxford and Asquith. Some ten years older than when she wrote her galvanizing autobiography, she is still as witty, as richly primed with gossip, as reckless of reputations, and as naïvely self-centered. Her present book is a chaotic potpourri, repetitious at some points, but as eccentrically vigorous as Margot herself. One cannot ignore this woman. On the heels of some fatuous bit

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

of arrogance, some appalling lapse of taste, she will draw in corrosive ink the portrait of a political personage — a Balfour, a Churchill, a Salisbury, a Lloyd George — and one will marvel once more that so much canny acumen can be joined to such folly. As wife of the Prime Minister, and as a celebrity in her own right, she knew everybody — and almost everybody of political importance in latter-day England is a target for her wit. Her gossip is better than her philosophizing, but even at her worst there is a kind of gallantry and honesty about Margot which prevents one from ever being too much annoyed.

THE WORLD IS YOURS, by G. B. Lancaster (Appleton-Century, $2.50). Written in a rich and quite powerful prose this novel of the Yukon uses all the appurtenances of a Jack London adventure story and yet manages to differ from the genre. Primarily it is the tragic romance of Tamsin MacDonald and Kirk Regard, who were children in the roaring gold rush days, with their tinky-tink saloons, and who grew up to develop an ill-starred passion for one another. The novel is full of color and action — and of excellent descriptions of the Yukon wilderness — but it pays far more attention to characterization than the average adventure yarn.

CITY HARVEST, by Margaret Cheney Dawson (Macmillan, $3.00). The cheating of the modern sophisticate, who lives by a code as barren and exacting as Puritanism itself, is the theme of this very subtle and adroit story. The action is confined to the dizzy merry-making of New Year's Eve, 1932, and the group of New York intellectuals who are involved commit infidelities and wear their hearts out in the perpetual consciousness that they are playing a false rôle. Mrs. Dawson knows the type. Her purpose is serious and her book more authentic and satisfactory than the usual "sophisticated" novel.

THE PARIS FRONT, by Michel Corday (Dutton, $5.00). So many people, as we have come to understand, were grievously duped by the war that the author of this "unpublished diary: 1914–1918" seems preternaturally gifted with foresight and common sense. A well-known writer, holding a high position in the Civil Service, M. Corday was the familiar of the great during the war years, a witness to the manner in which they and the rest of France succumbed to the war hysteria. A relentless pacifist from the first, he reveals with unsparing bitterness the suffering, corruption, and folly which war breeds. The wranglings of the ministers and generals, the heartless extravagance of the profiteers, the excesses of stupid

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

patriotism, the dishonesty of the censorship all find a place in his pithy pages. Cynically he exposes the weaknesses of Joffre, Poincaré, Clemenceau; relates with relish scurrilous anecdotes about them; pillories the whole militarist psychology which held Paris in its grip. His diary is necessarily sketchy, but it is crammed with the telling minutiæ which can make a whole period live, and it is written with a scorching wit and indignation.

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL, by Rearden Conner (Morrow, $2.50). Fe-fi-fo-fum should be the sub-title of this peculiarly bloody novel of the Irish Terror, which piles one horror upon another until even a Chicago gunman might well be abashed. Kerry Sutton, half-English, half-Irish, was innocently involved in a street riot and therefore had to join the Irish Republican Army in order to evade the government Black and Tens. He was sent to a remote country district and for several months was obliged to join in the raids, massacres, bombings, and shootings carried out by a band of Republican outlaws. The novel moves at a furious pace, and though it is not well written its sheer impetus gives it force. If you want to be violently thrilled, and if you want to know what Civil War is really like, this is your book.

ON THE SHORE, by Albert Halper (Viking, $2.00). These short stories, half autobiographical and only loosely interconnected, are Albert Halper's reminiscences of that "raw, slangy city," Chicago, where he spent his youth. His father was a grocer; he lived near the railroad tracks, with the odor of the stockyards in his nostrils, and the casual incidents of his childhood make up a large part of the book. Halper is, one feels, a lineal descendant of Sherwood Anderson. He has Anderson's gift for transmuting rough, simple material into something significant and oddly poetic. In many ways, despite its apparent sketchiness, *On the Shore* is superior to *Union Square*, better written, more deeply felt, and more indicative of what Halper may do in the future.

LOST MAN, by E. L. Grant Watson (Harper, $2.00). A powerful, oddly mystical story of a hard-headed sensualist who went prospecting for gold in the Australian bush, accompanied by his wife's lover, and who was eventually lost in that bleak and scorching wilderness. The book rises to a climax of terror which is somewhat reminiscent of the *Emperor Jones*, and though the implications of the tale are obscure, it is both unusual and arresting.

RIDGEWAYS, by Frances Renard (Stokes, $2.50). A leisurely saga of a Kentucky family, proud and rich before the Civil War, which disintegrated, lost possession of the beautiful ancestral estate, Ridgeways, and finally won back its land and prestige through the agency of a grim strange woman of poor-white stock who married into the Hardison family and completely absorbed its traditions. The book has the typical solidity and richness of a good chronicle novel, and though it is not exactly a brilliant performance it makes very pleasant reading.

THIS MUCH IS MINE, by Nola Henderson (Smith & Haas, $2.00). Another farm novel, written in racy Oklahoma vernacular, about a wild youngster who developed into a vigorous young Amazon of the soil. Jo Terry is an original and impetuous character, and the amusing account of her childhood is particularly well done. The latter half of the book is less convincing.

SALAH AND HIS AMERICAN, by Leland Hall (Knopf, $2.00). Presumably nonfiction, this is a touching and sensitive tale of an American who acquired as house-boy in Morocco a young negro who had formerly been a slave. Salah's idea was to attach himself to his master for life, and the American — appalled by the intimate responsibility he had incurred — attempted to provide for Salah's future by having him taught to drive a car. He soon realized, however, that the contact with western civilization could bring Salah no happiness and would probably spoil all that was finest in him. Mr. Hall has made a moving and quite lovely book out of this situation, and his descriptions of life in Marrakesh are admirable.

ARTIST AMONG THE BANKERS, by Will Dyson (Dutton, $2.00). This spirited and unconventional attack on the present financial system — written, and illustrated, by one of England's foremost cartoonists — is, as Mr. Dyson blandly admits, a "kindergarten exposition" of the Douglas Social Credit scheme. With considerable wit Mr. Dyson demonstrates that the prevalent banker-business technique is inadequate to deal with the new fact of plenty, that the doctrine of the holiness of work is outmoded, and that mankind the creator must show banking man how to adjust his system to the real needs of humanity. A provocative book, even if the solution offered seems a little less practical than it does to Mr. Dyson.

BRIGHT AMBUSH, by Audrey Wurdemann (John Day, $2.50). Frank lyricism is the keynote of this book, the first by a young poet whose work has already appeared in numerous magazines. Miss Wurdemann's delicately musical, precisely phrased

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

verse would, one feels, satisfy George Moore's definition of pure poetry. The content, in most cases, is slight but there is a kind of magic in Miss Wurdemann's lines more evident in such poems as "Borzoi," "The Wandering Jew," or "Keen Cold" than in the sonnet sequence. She is a very expert craftsman who knows how to evoke a mood and there is reason to believe that she will progress to more mature and less fragile work.

I WENT TO PIT COLLEGE, by Lauren Gilfillan (Viking, $2.50). Shortly after her graduation from Smith College, in 1931, Lauren Gilfillan gave up looking for literary work in New York and heeded the advice of a publisher to go to the Pittsburgh coal fields, where the miners were on strike, in search of something to write about. Posing as a miner's child, she joined the picket lines, begged with the miners' children in the streets of Pittsburgh, ate with strikers at the various strike-relief canteens, talked with "scabs" and communists, and through it all listened quietly and sympathetically to the troubles of these wretched people, driven to desperation by reduced wages and starvation. She has recorded her observations unobtrusively, displaying a rare knack of letting the characters in this grim pageant speak their own tragic lines without editorial coaching from the wings — either Left or Right. Certain sections of *I Went to Pit College*, which, incidentally, is the Literary Guild's selection for March, were published originally in THE FORUM in the June and July issues of 1932.

KEMMERER ON MONEY, by Edwin Walter Kemmerer (John C. Winston Company, $1.50). We find in this book a well-arranged and concise presentation of the history of money, the dangers and possible consequences of experiments being tried by the theorists shaping our monetary policies to-day. The important factual records of the past are given, the dangers in the new permissive and emergency legislation effecting our monetary system exposed, and what little we know of the plans for the present and future analyzed and criticized. In other words it presents a splendid case for the proposition that, for a government engaged in the business of spending the money of its citizens, progress is obtainable at a lower cost in money and human suffering when experience is given the preference over logic. The author exposes more than once the fundamental weakness of the theorists in this particular field, and that is the assumption of a measurable improvement in the moral and ethical standards of the nation which would accompany the acceptance of their ideas.

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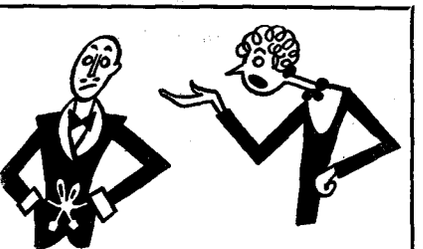

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